

THE DELTA
KAPPA GAMMA SOCIETY

SUMMER 1955

BULLETIN





THE

DELTA KAPPA GAMMA

Bulletin

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The Delta Kappa Gamma Bulletin

M. MARGARET STROH, *Editor*

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We are proud to open this number with an article by Savitri Sidhu, who was the recipient of Oklahoma's Foreign Fellowship a year ago. Mrs. Sidhu has returned to her native country (India), where she supervises 56 Delhi schools, with 500 teachers and 18,000 students. We are grateful to Mrs. Sidhu for understanding us so well.

The touching little story, "You Give Us All Hope," was written by Dulcie M. Oliver, who is a member of the Alpha Gamma Chapter in Washington. We think Miss Oliver must be a rare teacher.

Dr. Irene Murphy of the Alpha Chapter in Missouri is responsible for the article about Mrs. Gamaliel Bradford, a very great wife of a very great man. Most of us who are interested in biography have read Gamaliel Bradford's inimitable portraits. We are glad through Dr. Murphy's facile pen to get acquainted with his wife, who had so much to do with his success.

Dr. Donald B. Cottrell is Dean of Education at the Ohio State University. He has been closely connected with the Unesco Gift Coupon Service, and, as the text of his interesting article shows, he is talking about a situation concerning which he knows a great deal.

We are very proud of Margaret Culkin Banning's national honorary membership in The Delta Kappa Gamma Society. Mrs. Banning's name is too well known for us to comment upon her attainments. We asked her to write this article especially for our members, because when she returned from Europe last year she was deeply apprehensive about the outlook there.

From Mary Murray, the author of "Living Together," we received this charming account of an educational ex-

periment in Scotland which seems to us to be quite significant. Scottish education is organized on a county basis, each county being a separate unit answerable to the Scottish Education Department. Miss Murray is a state honorary member from Minnesota and keeps up with her Delta Kappa Gamma affiliations and friendships.

Our special feature this month is by another world famous columnist, Dorothy Thompson. It is entitled "In Search of Truth." The articles were written originally for *The Matrix* magazine, which has the sole publishing rights and which has given us very generously permission to publish a condensation. We think Miss Thompson's article is very provocative and very worthwhile.

Dr. Ellen Frogner, who is the author of the study comparing successful men and women teachers, is a member of the Beta Chapter in Minnesota and was state chairman of the Research Committee. Dr. Frogner took her committee responsibilities seriously and compiled a piece of research that is quite within the possibilities of many other states. You will be interested to learn how men and women administrators rate teachers of both sexes.

In this issue we are featuring an article by Waurine Walker called "Education for

Teaching." It is a masterly analysis and summation of the reports sent in by various countries at the WCOTP meeting in Oslo, Norway last summer. Because it bears so closely upon some of our immediate program interests, and because Miss Walker is one of our own, as well as being NEA President, we are glad to draw your attention to this analysis.

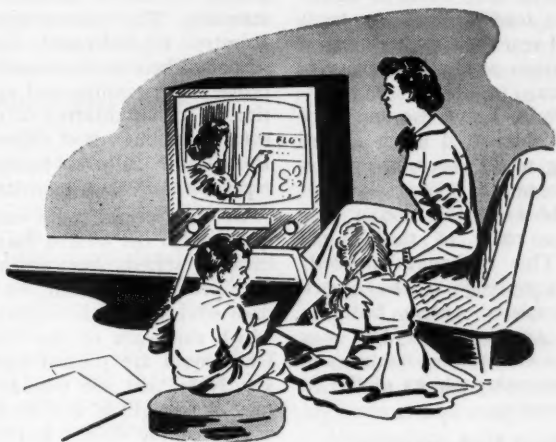
The article called simply "Conversation" is a Plato-like dialogue between a student, a teacher, and a layman. It was presented on the occasion of the 16th birthday of Rho Chapter in Illinois by Mrs. Catherine Braun. We think you will be interested in a type of writing entirely different from anything else that we have included thus far in the *Bulletin*.

Fay Moorman of the Iota Chapter in Virginia is the author of a nostalgic and charming article called "The Ways of Pleasantness." We enjoyed it, and we think that you will.

We think Aleen Hostettler, who is a comparatively new member in Delta Kappa Gamma, is taking her professional responsibilities very seriously and that she has already made a splendid contribution to the Society to which she belongs. She is a member of Alpha Upsilon Chapter in Illinois.

HANDS ACROSS THE SEA

SAVITRI SIDHU



ON THE long list of men and women who have shaped American education, one name stands out with a special luster. The one, now dead for some nine years, is Dr. Annie Webb Blanton, to whose creative imagination the professional women of America owe the inception of the idea which has developed a new, living society for women in education.

Anyone can study political science; almost anyone can be a so-called political scientist. It is much harder, actually, to be a responsible citizen. That's what Dr. Blanton's

society is trying to help teachers and students grow to be.

Dr. Blanton founded The Delta Kappa Gamma Society, an organization open to all races, creeds, and nationalities. It was her belief that it was possible to unite women teachers of all types and lines of work in an organization dedicated to a better use of professional women's inherent capacities and to the initiation of measures which would work for the social and educational welfare of women teachers the world over.

I had the fortune of being the first woman teacher from India to

receive a fellowship in the Oklahoma unit (membership: 1,500 teachers) of the Society. The fellowship enabled me to observe the working of the Society at close range, live and work alongside American teachers, and also study for a full year for a master's degree in education at the University of Oklahoma.

The Delta Kappa Gamma Society has contributed much toward achieving world peace by promoting international education. It has enabled several foreign educators to come to the United States. This exchange not only spreads knowledge of the American educational system, but also enables Americans to find out about the educational systems and other interesting phases of life in other countries.

Mutual Understanding

The Society's program for increasing international understanding is but part of the over-all education's effort for world peace. The schools of the United States are making a genuine effort to spread information about the United Nations and its work. An increasing number of schools give information about the U.N.-sponsored Universal Declaration of Human Rights. More and more information is given about other nations in schools of all kinds.



Many voluntary efforts support curricular efforts to develop understanding of other peoples. Proposals are being widely discussed for further teaching of modern languages, to aid in mutual understanding. The visitor from any country is welcomed to their schools. Their teachers work to improve understanding and appreciation of school children of the cultural contributions of different national and cultural backgrounds represented in their population.

Of the several achievements I observed in the United States educational system, one which could very profitably be adopted by Indian educators is the technique by which the walls of the American schoolroom are pushed back constantly so that the outside world may be brought in and made more a part of the child's learning experience. Consequently, there is always great interest in new teaching methods which extend beyond the classroom, which help relate textbook learning to personal experience, and which call into play all the child's perception and responses.

A visitor to a typical U.S. school classroom today would not be surprised to find that a blackboard and revolving globe of the world are fixtures as familiar to the pupils as they were to his own schoolmates three or four decades ago. One might be intrigued, however, to see a cinema screen or an electric gramophone in the room. One learns that this equipment is becoming commonplace in America's

schools—that a host of mechanical, optical and graphic devices are assisting the modern instructor in what has come to be called “audio-visual education.”

With the help of films, a subject can be presented to one class after another during a single day without tiring the teacher unduly.

Instructional Materials

Since the cost of films, gramophone records and other audio-visual equipment is too high for many schools, they have solved the problem by pooling their resources and establishing instructional-materials centers from which all schools in the community can borrow what they need.

These modern aids to teaching are not intended to replace the teacher, nor are they considered a substitute for textbooks. Indeed, they have been found to stimulate an interest in books.

One other approach whereby the outside world can be brought nearer is by radio. Today, receiving sets are installed in many classrooms and time is set aside for their use in several ways. For some years there have been so-called “Schools

of the Air,” that is, a regular series of broadcasts planned primarily for classrooms as a supplement to the instruction received from teachers.

Education in the United States is a big business. With an average annual expenditure (exclusive of capital outlay and interest) of \$228 (Rs. 1,089) per pupil in daily public school attendance, the American people spend some \$7 billion (Rs. 3,346 crores) annually for public elementary and secondary education. They spend an additional \$2 billion (Rs. 936 crores) for higher education.

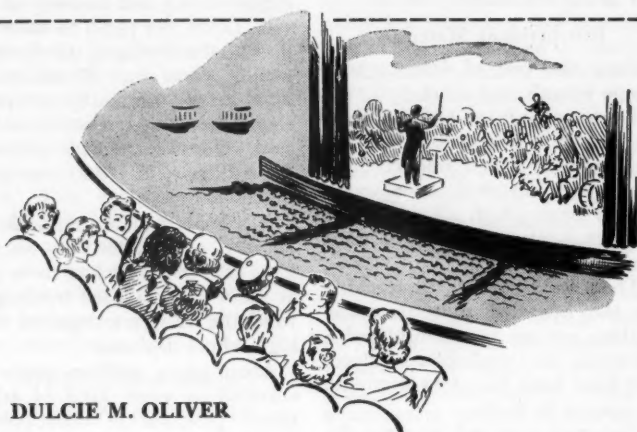
In schools of all descriptions, they employ over 1,300,000 teachers, most of whom have had three years or more of specialized training beyond the 12 years required for a high school diploma.

About three million adults are enrolled in some kind of educational program in tax-supported schools, and approximately 800,000 adults are enrolled in general and specialized off-campus classes offered by state universities and many other institutions of higher education.



• Condensed from
Hindustan Weekly by
American Reporter.

"You Give Us All Hope"



DULCIE M. OLIVER

"**Y**OU give us *all* hope. What will I be when I grow up, I wonder?" That's the talisman, so little deserved, which I carry with me in my teaching.

I was teaching elementary science in the public schools of one of our large Pacific Coast cities. This city had one of the finest junior, as well as senior, symphony orchestras in our country.

Each year the generous talented conductor, to show his appreciation

for the use of our school auditorium for junior symphony practice, gave a senior symphony concert for our students and faculty. This was given during school time and was complete with printed program.

The children happily anticipated this concert, for they knew the story of the compositions to be played, as well as the life stories of the composers.

The day of the concert arrived and the third grade class, which I had that period, was lined up ready to march to the auditorium. Mary, a dear little colored girl, starry-eyed in anticipation, was at the head of the line. She was so full of music and rhythm that every word and motion was a fluid symphony in itself. We quickly reminded ourselves that one way we could thank conductor G—— and the orchestra was to "listen" with our eyes, hands, and feet as well as with our ears. Then down the hall we marched to the auditorium and took our places in the front row of seats.

I purposely sat where I could have the added inspiration of watching Mary's face. From the moment the conductor raised his baton he had a "ghost" conductor. In a rapture that transported her completely, Mary leaned forward in her chair and fairly anticipated his every motion. The great Toscanini himself would have been proud of her.

By the rigidity of their backs and fierce concentration upon "listening" I knew the horrified third grade was conscious of what was going on and were trying to "make up" for Mary!

At the conclusion of the concert I was detained by a fellow teacher for a minute, and by the time I reached our room the finger of wrath and scorn had already been pointed. The glory had departed, and Mary was a crumpled, sodden little mass of misery.

I silently prayed for wisdom as I explained that Mary was not making fun or "mimicking" in that sense at all. Some day she herself might be the conductor of a great orchestra. I said, "Mary today has made a wonderful discovery. She has discovered the great talent or gift that God has given her. Each one of us has some special gift or talent." Then quickly I mentioned a member: "Sue has a talent for drawing and can make us see the things she sees through her pictures. Some day she may be a great artist. Jimmy has a talent for observing closely and brings us beautiful things from the outdoors that we pass by without seeing. Some day Jimmy may be a great naturalist. Dominic can paint lovely word pictures for us, and some day we may be reading his poems printed in a book. Then, as I glanced down at sweet, compassionate Connie who had slipped from her seat to Mary's and pressed her own snowy handkerchief into Mary's moist little fist, I said, "And some of us have one of the greatest of all gifts—the gift of being kind and thoughtful and seeing things to do to make other people happy and comfortable."

As I finished I heard a chair being pushed back, and careless, grubby, belligerent little Carl of the flying fists arose and said haltingly, "Teacher, you give us *all* hope—what will I be when I grow up, I wonder?" Quickly and reassuringly I said, "A *good* man and *good* citizen—that I just know, Carl."



MRS. GAMALIEL BRADFORD

Admirable Wife

IRENE MURPHY



THERE was nothing unusual in her appearance that August day in 1950, this energetic woman, nearly eighty-five, whom I had crossed the country from Kansas to Massachusetts to see. She was plump, erect, with a rather plain face and straight gray hair pulled into a bun. Yet the instant I saw her she was my friend. Cataracts had not robbed her eyes of their twinkle. Age had not dimmed her quick mind or taken the edge of crisp, personable humor off her tongue.

The purpose of my visit was to inquire about her husband, Gamaliel Bradford, who at the time of his death in 1932 had been one of our best-known biographers. Mrs. Bradford had generously permitted me to use his manuscripts stored in the Houghton Library of Harvard University and to question her directly. It was understandable that she was interested in my dissertation topic, her husband's plays, most of them still unpublished, but I was unprepared for her own vitality and wit. Instantly I became almost as interested in her as in her husband.

Recently, when a card came announcing her death, I knew that I

had lost a friend. I had seen her only twice; I had received only a dozen or so letters. But I had encountered a memorable woman. When I learned that she herself had addressed the envelope for me and left it for the sad news this card bore, my heart was stirred. Wistfully I removed her letters from my files. As I reread them and as I later refreshed my memory of what her husband had written of her, there emerged an impression so strong that I felt impelled to declare it.

I see Helen Ford Bradford as an ideal wife for a sensitive, aspiring man of letters. Our country, I am convinced, would have even more able writers than it now possesses were there more wives as sympathetic, tactfully watchful, and resourceful as she. Mrs. Bradford became her husband's collaborator—not in writing but in living.

In youth both were so frail that relatives opposed the marriage. Family insistence deferred the wedding nearly three years. The young husband's health was then so uncertain that Mrs. Bradford steeled herself to see her happiness cut off within the year. Instead, the two had nearly forty-five years of rare comradeship. Love had abetted nature in prolonging their lives. In 1951 Mrs. Bradford wrote in a letter, "I know of few marriages where

such close companionship existed."

In their youth, when health permitted, the two rowed down the Charles and roamed the Wellesley hills, beloved of both. While impatiently awaiting their delayed marriage, young Gamaliel Bradford had written that within his heart three words were engraved—poetry, Helen, and Wellesley. In those days he yearned to become America's Shakespeare or her Keats or at least to equal her Emerson and Hawthorne. He rejoiced that Helen's literary and musical tastes were akin to his own.

Marriage brought domestic happiness but not, at first, literary station. The novels, stories, plays, verse, and essays he spun out were rejected or, if published, ignored by critics. Obscurity galled, and appalled, this descendant of Governor William Bradford of Plymouth fame. He despaired of attaining the glory for which he hungered. His avid playgoing, his association with George Pierce Baker and minor playwrights and actors, and his passionate reading of Elizabethan dramas had little perceptible effect on his own tenuous plays. Not until he was established as a biographer could he market a single dramatic manuscript; then, ironically, he sold only a little skit he had prepared years earlier for his little daughter's Frolic Club. The modern tragedy he published at his own expense, *Unmade in Heaven*, is unread even by most students of his works. His beloved fools, modeled on Elizabethan clowns, brought little pleasure to anyone but their

author, his wife, the distinguished dinner guests who sometimes joined in parlor readings, and Miss Katharine Lee Bates' seminar groups, who read them sympathetically in the 1920's.

Despair blackened his diary but not his domestic life. Mrs. Bradford could not remember a harsh or irritable word. Few friends or relatives recognized that he was shivering forlornly under the cold winds of oblivion or quivering under the slightest touch of adverse criticism. Even their daughter Sally and their son Gamaliel VII hardly guessed the agonies which every rejection slip cost their father. Only Mrs. Bradford knew the extent of his mental anguish or, for that matter, of the physical torments of vertigo, arthritis, and other ailments in later years. Together, nightly, husband and wife played their piano duets and read great journals and letters, plays, and poetry. When health permitted, they attended plays and concerts in nearby Boston. There was scarcely an interest which Mrs. Bradford did not share, though she could not read quite so many languages as her accomplished husband. For a man haggard by "chronomania" and "chronophobia"—the consciousness of each flying minute—and given to scheduling every quarter-hour of his life, Bradford was remarkably easy to live with. He was thoughtful of others and full of daily quips and pleasantries.

In 1912, in his *Lee the American*, the disappointed novelist, playwright, and poet struck a pay lode

at last—the literary portrait or, as he called it, psychograph (“soul-writing”). In his remaining twenty years he wrote over a hundred portraits, many of them published in books soon well known—*Confederate Portraits*, *Union Portraits*, *Wives*, *Bare Souls*, and many others. For years he was a semi-invalid who could write but an hour a day. His discerning wife kept the orderly household quiet during his long periods of rest, served his favorite dishes with the punctuality his “chronomania” required, provided guests when he needed diversions and kept them away diplomatically when his nervous system would not tolerate intrusion, read his manuscripts admiringly but not blindly, and assisted with his proofreading. By 1920 editors were asking for his portraits. They were still, however, rejecting his creative works. Some of them, he wryly noted in his voluminous journals, sent him their own rejected novels and plays and poetry in exchange.

Those same journals tell us much of Helen Ford Bradford. The *Early Journals*, still for the most part unpublished, were in part “consecrated” to her, wrote their young author. Many entries express his ardent love for his fiancée. For the early years of their married life, there are few extant entries. Despair over literary rejection prompted the destruction of some journals and then the discontinuation of the journal habit. With the resumption of the journal keeping regularly in 1918 came many references to Mrs. Bradford’s charitable

attitude toward others, her enjoyment of her home and family, her cheerful ministrations to her ailing husband, her discernment and affability as hostess, wife, and mother. One entry announces that Helen Ford was the inspiration of the heroine of his first novel, *Girard*. In that manuscript, one sees her as tenderly in love, sweetly sympathetic toward her young poet, reflective, strong in spirit but weak in body. Her death induces his suicide. This overwrought but revealing novel was written by a twenty-year-old. Several later heroines of unpublished works must have been suggested by Helen Ford Bradford, but the journals carry no forthright statement to this effect.

To Mrs. Bradford, their daughter, and other women of the family Bradford dedicated his studies of women—*Portraits of Women*, *Portraits of American Women*, *Wives*, and others. Many of the women he most admired seem to share his wife’s traits—her loving disposition; her interest in man, nature, and God; her efficiency in household management; her concern for her husband and children; her sprightly humor.

It was Bradford’s good fortune to have a wife who understood his torments and hungers and who cheered, tended, and inspired him. It was Mrs. Bradford’s good fortune to have a husband she thought gracious, heroic in adversity, even Christlike. Critics respected the integrity of Bradford the psychographer. Mrs. Bradford admired and adored Bradford the man.



FELLOWSHIPS *for* KOREAN EDUCATORS

DONALD P. COTTRELL

WHY should we help to establish fellowships for Korean educators to study abroad? The question answers itself in part, for cultural exchange has become vital to the world of our day and generation. There are some special considerations in the case of Korea, however.

For forty years at the start of the twentieth century these ancient people were frustrated in their quest for political integrity and not permitted to add their distinctive cultural voice in the Orient. Under the domination of the Japanese militarists every Korean aspiration for leadership was stifled. When the Japanese went home in 1945, more than half the teachers and practically all of the school administrators, members of the other learned professions and trained government officials were removed from the country. Hardly had Korea turned around in making its own

start again when 1950 brought the Communist invasion. Untold thousands more of Korean leaders, especially the new, young group, were lost in the fighting or carried away to the North. Korea needs trained leaders as desperately as any self-conscious people ever did.

The spark of determination and yearning for Korean independence has never died through the long years of tragic history which have made that country a battleground for political and economic forces far greater than those of its own origin. Struggle for independence frequently breeds excesses and rash ambitions, but in Korea this struggle has also symbolized something fine in the human adventure as well. These Koreans are worth saving in the cause of the free peoples of this world. They know the meaning of human dignity, and they are loyal to the deepest purposes which characterize the free world of today.

Conceivably this may not always be true. Much will depend upon their ability to stabilize their country on such a basis. This in turn may hinge primarily upon the type of education which they are able to build for the present generation of Koreans. There is plenty of drive to improve and extend education in Korea. Except in the Philippines after World War II, I have never seen such avidity for school attendance and such a significant conception of the meaning of schools to the advancement of an underdeveloped country as I saw a little over a year ago in Korea. At that time over one out of every seven Koreans was in school, during war and without books or habitable school buildings, or even sufficient food or clothing. I am sure that the number must be greater today, since long strides are being made toward restoring the basic necessities of life. Schools are very important to Koreans.

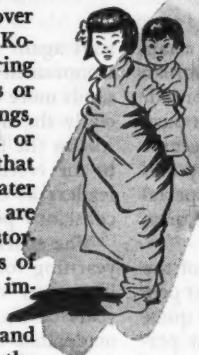
One of the best and fastest ways to raise the standard and broaden the scope and influence of Korean education is to make possible foreign study for a well-selected and limited number of Korean educators. This is also one of the most immediately practicable means of providing the technical influence of highly developed countries at the time and place where it can be of the greatest benefit to Korea.

Other means are available and

are to some extent being used. The importation of English language books to Korea, for example, helps some, but many Koreans do not know much English, and translation and publication of these books in Korean is slow and expensive. The import of trained leaders to Korea also plays a vital part in the program. Language barriers, however, coupled with the dearth of facilities for foreigners in Korea and the tremendous competition for the services of outstanding leaders in their home countries and elsewhere in the world today, set real limits upon this approach.

It will take a fairly considerable sum of money to bring a sufficient number of promising Koreans abroad for sufficient periods of time to enable them to winnow from the chaff the precious grains of knowledge and insight that can enable them to return with real leadership equipment for their mountainous tasks at home. This is a very worthy undertaking for Americans, and it

should be set in motion as a project for British, French, Scandinavians, Australians, Indians, and many other national groups, for Koreans have much to learn in many places besides the United States. We must bear in mind, however, that important as the money is, something else is needed to make the money do its work. That is time and thought on the part of the hosts of



these visiting Koreans. Without the fellowship the Korean educator cannot get abroad, without the attention, care and understanding of his foreign colleagues, teachers, and neighbors, his fellowship may fall far short of accomplishing its best purpose. Perhaps a little part of the money may well be used to provide special facilities for the Korean visitors, but mainly it is a matter of the vision and purpose of those who contribute to the provision of the fellowships and those who receive the guests.

The provision of significant opportunities for foreign students and professional visitors offers a challenging frontier in cultural exchange programs, and especially in higher educational institutions. It

would be a truly important contribution for people of good will who choose to interest themselves in the promotion of international academic exchange to study the program of fellowships with a view to strengthening it all along the line. The project for Korea would afford unusual opportunities in this respect, since Korea is a very far place for most people in this world and yet its leaders have the foundation for a close and fast friendship with people of many different cultures. Korean educators' fellowships may well afford possibilities for service, both in the giving of the funds and in the reception of those to whom they are awarded, which are beyond all of the usual channels for good works.





A Note on Travel

MARGARET CULKIN BANNING



ON a January afternoon last winter, shortly after I returned from a recent trip to Europe, I talked informally to one of the chapters of Delta Kappa Gamma about where I had been journeying and what I had seen and heard. In the discussion which followed it was interesting and impressive to find out that many people in the room were very familiar with the places which I had just visited. An even larger number

were planning to go abroad during the coming summer. If that chapter is a representative one, and I do not doubt that it is, there will be members of our organization scattered all over the world this year, and a very fine thing for American foreign relations that will be.

It is also a very good thing for ourselves. In this brief article I should like to encourage more educated women to travel abroad. I know that to some it seems too

great a venture, too expensive a vacation. A month or two in Europe often remains a dream when it could be an experience, because people think that they cannot afford it, or because there is no available companion and they are afraid to travel alone. But one woman in that January audience, who has never before been abroad, is going this summer quite by herself. I have another friend who spends a month in Italy every year though she has not had a new suit for at least six years.

To plan a trip to Europe is not shooting for the moon. I have gone many times, but only once or twice when I could easily afford the time or money. In the early part of 1954 I was reading Theodore White's *Fire in the Ashes*. When I came to the section which so well describes German recovery I decided that I must go to Germany and see for myself what was going on. I went in the following October, though not without taking a number of hurdles in the meantime. The main requisites for any journey to foreign parts are these: decide to go, do not yield to objections (which will come from the members of your family, your friends and well-meaning worriers), postpone other plans, do without, make do, apply for a passport, and clinch the trip by engaging passage on a definite date. After that everything usually falls into place.

But, if you are going, how are you going? I do not mean whether first or second class on the boat, whether in a tourist or luxury

plane. I mean are you going as an educated person who intends to add to the sum of her knowledge? Or do you merely intend to see the obvious sights, to send home postcards, and to be able to say that you have spent the summer in Europe?

Sight-seeing has its place in travel, and I am not one to discount it. I have often been laughed at for stopping the car to read what is engraved on a monument. But, for me at least, travel is best when it is related to some mental project or inquiry, when I am trying to find the answer to a question. Some of my trips to Europe have been on missions assigned to me. In 1942 I went for British Information Service. In 1946 I went for UNRRA to observe and study the problems of displaced persons in Germany. But on other trips I have decided for myself what my mission was to be, and in that way brought my journey into focus.

This year I visited Ireland, England, Germany, and France. Not long ago I was one of the contributors to a book called "The Vanishing Irish," a symposium of information and opinions on the decline of population in Ireland. As I traveled through that country this autumn—and the roads were strewn with petals from the fuchsia hedges and the gorse was yellow and the heather purple on the mountain sides—I found out what many a native Irish person thought could be done to build up the population. One night I stayed in a great stone castle, and on the

next I slept at a tiny inn. I talked to writers in Dublin and a thoughtful priest in Tipperary. And because there was something definite that I wanted to find out, they opened their minds to me. I found that for the first time in many years the population has increased slightly, that a skein of parish organizations all over the country is at work to improve the farms, to keep people on the land, and to break down ignorance and poverty.

In England I always want to know what is going on politically, because British politics reflect the social system and economy. So that meant not only reading the newspapers thoroughly but also spending as much time as possible in the galleries of Parliament. This year I saw Sir Winston Churchill for the first time since 1942, and though he has aged he is surely not decrepit in mind or body. I heard Mr. Attlee speak. I found out—that being very much up my street—that Parliament was discussing what to do about American comics and salacious magazines. I gathered opinions about Sir Anthony Eden and about the way British people felt about the agreements which had just been signed at Paris. There was still plenty of time to walk on the Embankment, go to the theaters, and drive one day to the gentle Shropshire country.

From England I flew to Dusseldorf in Germany. I had been in Germany in 1936 and seen Hitler and Goering and Goebbels at the Olympic games. I had gone again in 1946 when Germany was in

ruins. Now, nearly ten years later, I wanted to see what recovery had been accomplished. It is amazing. The shops are full of food, and good food. Everyone has good shoes. New factories are springing up, as are the housing developments everywhere. But one has only to walk a few blocks from the main streets in Dusseldorf or Cologne, or Munich, or Berlin, and the broken buildings and mounds of rubble, in which always grows the coarsest grass in the world, show that the devastation of such a war as the last World War cannot be repaired in ten years, nor in fifty. It is borne in upon your mind, as words in books cannot do, when you look at acres of destruction, that another war would be so fatal to the world that you must do all that you can for the rest of your life to prevent it.

Finally I flew to Paris on a rain-swept day, and the sight of it even in the bad weather was intoxicating. Of course you can spend weeks in Paris just walking up and down the boulevards, and you will never be bored. But if you want to know about France you must meet French people, read French newspapers (with even a little knowledge of the language you can go a long way), and study the political and social mood.

My particular project in France this time was to find out all I could about Mendes-France, to discover who had been responsible for the ditching of EDC, and to talk to some authorities at NATO, for I am greatly interested in the possi-

bility of success for such unions of countries of the free world. I found opinion extraordinarily divided, even for France, which is never of one mind. There is fear of war, fear of a rearmed Germany, a sense that the world is not only changing but already changed to a great extent.

These scraps of thought which I set down are only excerpts from over a hundred large pages of typewritten notes. Of this I want to tell, because, although it is only a personal and amateur method of making a journey worthwhile, it works for me and it might for others. I take along the smallest possible portable typewriter on every long journey, a large loose-leaf notebook, and a good supply of paper which is reinforced at the edges so it won't tear out of the notebook.

Into that notebook go impressions and descriptions and records of conversations while they are fresh in my mind. I don't write every day (who wants to be a travel drudge?), but when a free hour or two come along I catch up on my notes every few days. When I read what I have written even two weeks later, it always amazes me to find how much I would have forgotten if I had not put it down at the time. These quickly written and utterly frank records have been, of course, enormously useful to me as a writer. But for my immediate family, who want to know about my journeys and never seem to have time to



listen or I time to tell, they are interesting too.

One person's journey can be another person's poison. We must travel in our own ways, and I am not in the least dogmatic about my ways being the best. But of several things there can be no doubt. People who are lucky enough to have education, little or much, should supplement it with travel when it is possible. There is no substitute for travel. There has never been such a need for it as there is today, when the balance of the world is only to be maintained by sound decision and deep understanding.

I have come back from Europe several times since the war feeling very humble because of the bravery I have witnessed, shocked by the useless destruction, and exhilarated by the new experiments in what we used to call the Old World. No one respects peace more than the American returning from Europe or should be willing to do more to maintain it. The more educated Americans, like the members of Delta Kappa Gamma, who sail or fly to Europe this summer, the better for the world.

The President's Page



THE communications on this page during the year now drawing to a close have examined the goals, the purposes, and certain procedures of the Society. In this final issue of the year it seems appropriate that we should make evaluations which will provide a basis for intelligent action in the years ahead.

Delta Kappa Gamma, like other organizations, has two areas of activity. One is concerned with the transaction of Society business, the other with the implementation of the purposes of the Society. Both types of activity are necessary and important.

In evaluating our efforts to carry on the business of the Society successfully there is much to praise. We have established a stable structure which permits the discharge of business with reasonable expedition while at the same time permitting an expression of the will of the members. We have obligated ourselves to provide a Headquar-

ters Building in order that the work of the Headquarters Staff may be done more effectively. The enthusiasm with which our members are meeting the financial obligations entailed in the decision to build is a heartwarming experience. In the same fine spirit in which they rallied to the call for the Silver Anniversary gifts, Delta Kappa Gamma women are now sending their dollars as tokens of their appreciation for the privilege of membership in our noble Society.

An evaluation reveals both strengths and weaknesses, so it is only fair to say that, in addition to notable achievements, there are some problems concerning the functioning of the Society still to be solved. Let us face these as challenges for the year ahead.

Our international status, an actual fact, has yet to be recognized in our Constitution. How this can best be done will be a concern of the Constitution Committee, the Administrative Board, and the

membership as a whole.

The question of a possible expansion of our Headquarters Staff in order to care for the increasing demands of a growing organization must be decided. The immediate responsibility for a decision rests with the National Executive Board, but the ultimate responsibility belongs to the membership.

The problem of financial support for an expanding organization is very real. Our members must soon make a choice between a curtailment of program or an increase in their financial support.

Our lines of communication do not yet function adequately. Too many officers and committee chairmen do not answer letters. State presidents do not always report state chairmen to the national chairmen. Files are not always passed on by officers and committee chairmen to their successors. These matters can be remedied by greater diligence, particularly at state and chapter levels.

We need to orient our new members better so that they understand the history and traditions, purposes, and policies of the Society. This is clearly a chapter responsibility.

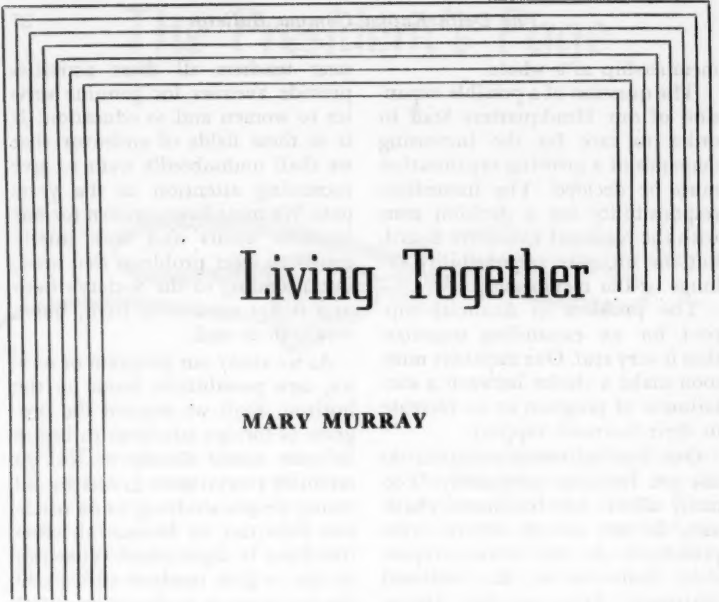
An evaluation in the second area of activity, that of implementing our purposes, provides opportunity for rejoicing. Our fine interest in scholarships at all levels, our present endeavors in research, our emphasis upon recruitment, our concern with service and teacher welfare, our legislative interests, our gathering of materials on pio-

neer teachers—all these activities provide avenues for genuine service to women and to education. It is to these fields of endeavor that we shall undoubtedly want to give increasing attention as the years pass. We must have concern for our business affairs and seek intelligently to meet problems that arise, but attending to the Society's business is *not* an end in itself, but a *means* to an end.

As we study our program of service, new possibilities loom on the horizon. Shall we expand the program of foreign scholarships begun in some states? Should we seek to establish recruitment grants to aid young people studying to be teachers? How can we become an effective force in legislation? What can we do to give teachers and teaching better status in the community? What can we do to remove the petty vexations that sap a teacher's energies and enthusiasm? How can we aid our members in retaining that high excellence that won for them the privilege of membership? In the answers made to these and similar questions lie the possibilities for a vital and significant program in the future.

The theme of our Regional Conferences is *Together We Build*. It is an excellent theme, but it suggests a question: Together we build, but what? Only you, the members of Delta Kappa Gamma, can provide the answer to that question. What will your answer be?

EDNA MCGUIRE BOYD,
National President.



Living Together

MARY MURRAY

ONE of the very few good results of the war was that it made thinking people sharply conscious of the real necessity for positive efforts in learning to live together, respecting—and rejoicing in—individual differences, allowing the enterprising and the cautious, the pillar of rectitude and the rebel, the lazy and the industrious, each his own place in the sun, for this is the beginning of tolerance between nation and nation.

But how to bring this down to everyday life, to a hard, practical reality that would not be lost in a mist of verbage, of conferences and resolutions and pious hopes? Education in this county of Fife in Scotland remembered the old Scot-

tish precept, "There's a slippery stone at every door. Clean your own doorstep first!" They looked round the county and saw a world in miniature. What did the coal-miners in the west know of the fisher-folk in the east? Had the industrial workers from the factory towns ever met a worker from the fertile, gentle farms of the north? Could anything be done about it?

It was decided to start with the schools. Children from the towns and the mining areas would spend a week of the summer vacation discovering the heritage of beauty and of historic association in the lovely eastern corner of their own county. After careful preliminaries that took account of health, safety, and

comfort, six parties of twenty, each with two adults in charge, set off to spend the first night of the trip in one of six village schools. The local headmaster and his wife were the hosts, the school vans brought food, and the village children came to make friends—to sing together, to play a game of soccer or cricket, to show the visitors the farms and the harbours.

The next morning the great trek began; everybody moved one place round—a move to be repeated each day for a week. With sleeping bag, sandwiches, and fruit packed in satchels, six parties of children set off to walk from five to eight miles to the next school in the circuit. This was adventure enough for many; they rarely walked farther than to the nearest bus stop. There were complaints at first, but so successful has the Trek Week been that other circuits have been added, and another county in Scotland has joined Fife in an exchange scheme. But the first circuit remains the favorite—from Elie of the long golden beaches, to St. Monans with its little family shipbuilding yards established 200 years ago, by a wandering path that lies between the wheat fields and the sea, to Crail where the lobster fishermen go home past the great black stone that the devil once threw at the Parish Church, and on to St. Andrews whose four-hundred-year-old university is still alive with the eager voices of youth.

What a pleasant way to start finding out how one's neighbour lives, to begin learning that the

peaceful little villages as well as the great towns and cities make their own individual contributions to the welfare of mankind!

But this was only a beginning. In Strathkinnes there stands a handsome building given by a benefactor as a community center, to a village that could not afford its upkeep. The County Council took it over and, while still allowing the village prior rights to the hall, transformed the rest of the building into a hostel for about thirty people and made it available for youth groups, who use it winter and summer for residential conferences and group holidays. One very successful experiment brought together small groups of children from a village school and from a large school in an industrial and mining area for week-ends at Strathkinnes. Working together in teams for all the chores—setting tables, preparing vegetables, washing-up—helped those eleven-year-olds to get to know one another. Dormitory pranks, quiet times in the lounge, a visit to a nearby aerdrome, a picnic, an impromptu concert, squabbles and reconciliations welded twenty strangers into a close-knit group.

Their own evaluation of the experience showed that they realized that careful planning and strict discipline made a very necessary background to the freedom and fun of "Strath."

The experiment is no longer an experiment; it is a very worthwhile project, physically tiring perhaps to the teachers who accompany the

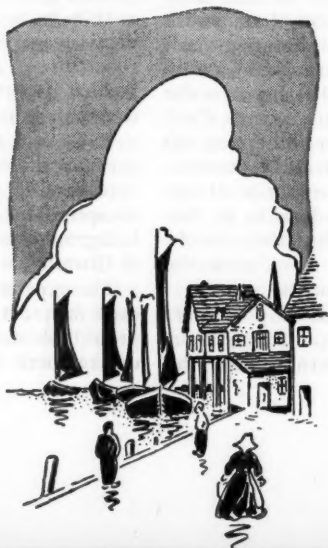
children, but mentally stimulating and very rewarding.

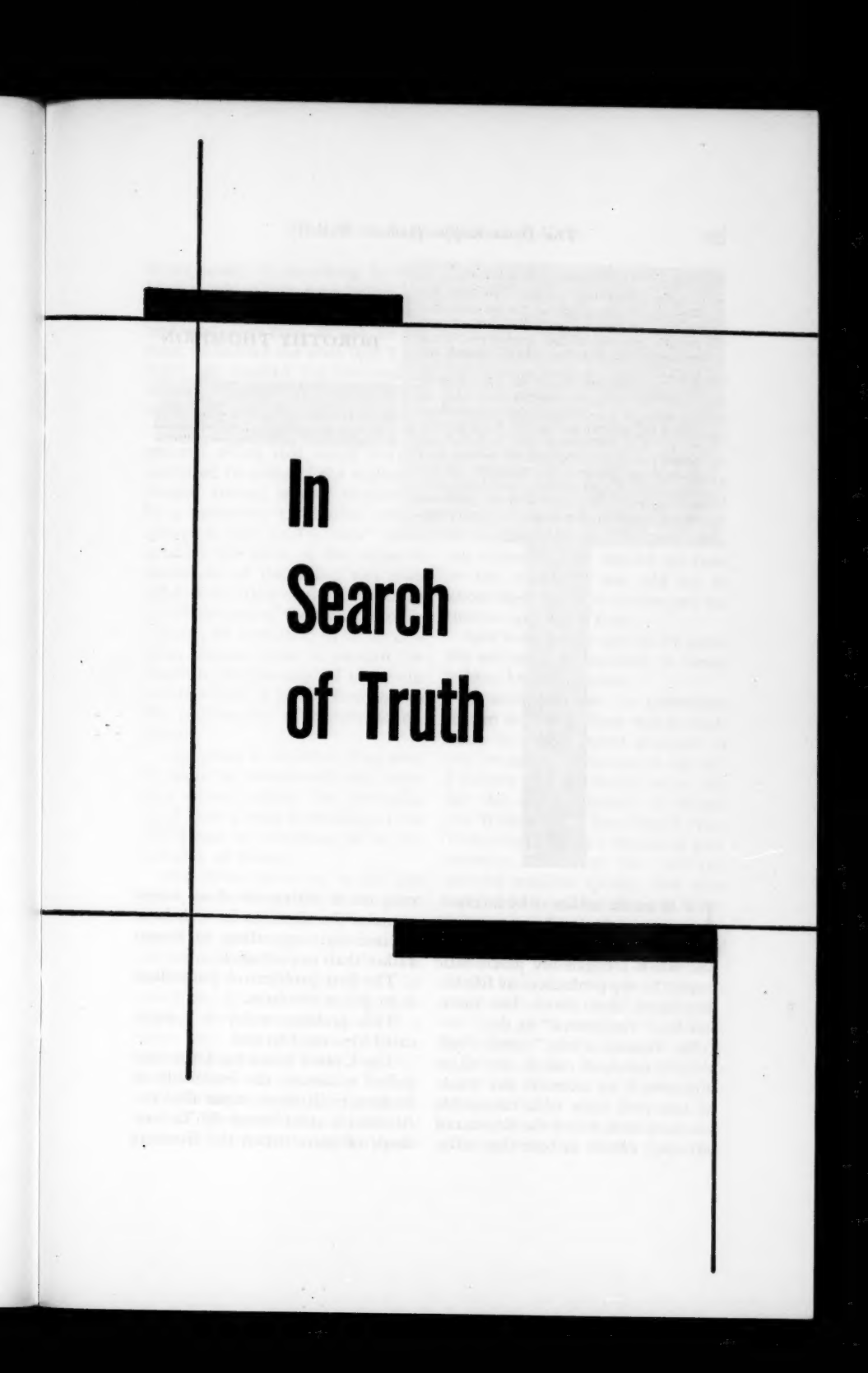
And still this was not enough. There are 53,000 school children in Fife. There must be something bigger. Because other councils have similar ideas, five camp schools, each capable of housing about two hundred people, have been built at beauty spots throughout Scotland, and for several years now Fife has had two School Camps, each lasting for a month. During the school year children have their own schools all over the county and spend a month together at Abington or Glengounar, Belmont or Middleton, doing school work that has a "new look" and learning to know each other. Every year, too, there is an Easter camp for those specially interested in drama, music, or art. Men and women eminent in the theatre and the concert hall give up their creature comforts to live and work for a fortnight with enthusiastic teen-agers who learn

that a community of interest makes a true community.

But a stone thrown into a pool makes ever-widening circles, and our circle must widen to include the neighbours beyond our own shores. The high schools have already started. Every summer, parties of students go to France, to Switzerland, to Italy or to Norway to live for a few weeks in the homes of high school pupils there, and in return offer the hospitality of their own homes to their European neighbours. Thus do Frenchmen and Germans cease to be "foreigners" and become Pierre or Kurt, individuals like oneself.

These, then, are the efforts that the ancient Pictish Kingdom of Fife is making to teach its bairns to live and let live in this difficult modern world. They may not be very original, they may not be very far-reaching, but we hope the seed will germinate and that in due time the lovely flower of Peace will blossom over all the world.





In Search of Truth

This article was written especially for *The Matrix*, a magazine for women who write. Dorothy Thompson, one of the world's greatest living journalists, deals in a three-part series with the search for truth.

By special permission of *The Matrix*, which has exclusive publishing rights to the articles, we are publishing a condensation of the first two of the three articles which Miss Thompson has written. We reproduce it here, because we believe that there is a tremendous challenge in the treatment of this subject, and because it fits so well into our over-all program theme, namely, the quest for leadership.

DOROTHY THOMPSON

IT IS much harder to be a conscientious and reliable reporter and interpreter of events today than it was when I began my journalistic work. In my profession, as life has developed, one always has more, not less, "homework" to do.

By "conscientious," and "reliable," I mean, of course, one whose objective is to ascertain the truth, to interpret facts with reasonable precision and, where the element of advocacy enters, to base that advo-

cacy on as disinterested an assessment of the elements in each issue as one can, appealing to reason rather than to prejudice.

The first problem of journalism is to get at the facts.

This problem today is complicated by several factors.

The United States has been compelled to assume the leadership of western civilization, when that civilization is at its lowest ebb in hundreds of years; when the frontiers

of its power are shrinking in Asia back to where they were before the age of colonial expansion began; and when they have shrunk, in Europe, to *behind* the lines that 1,500 years ago marked the frontiers of Roman civilization, beyond which were only savagery and barbarism.

This millennial civilization, the greatest which this world has yet produced in terms of the release of human energy, is now challenged by a competing civilization which, though it calls itself a "new" order, actually has most of the recessive tendencies of the oldest and most rigid civilization of the Orient. Its terrific impact of the west can only, I think, be explained in terms of a great internal crisis in western civilization compounded of many elements which it is the function of the philosopher of history to explain.

The point is, however, that even to begin to understand and interpret current affairs the journalist must have a wide knowledge of the world and be something of a philosopher of history. . . .

Our difficulties stem, in the first place, from the general inadequacy of American education. To be prepared to perform our professional duties adequately we should have had a very tough education. Instead, my generation—and I regret to say, the present one—has had a very soft and sloppy education, which has produced many "experts" in limited fields, especially in technical fields, but not the type of all-round, hard thinking intellectual leadership which the present posi-

tion of American responsibility demands.

The writer on political subjects—in fact any writer, on anything but a technical subject—is therefore handicapped by being himself, or herself, the product of an education which has taught know-how but neglected know-why. He is, in short, likely to be much longer on *facts* than on a frame of reference into which to *fit* the facts, so that they become meaningful. There can be no knowledge and no truth without accurate facts. But all the facts in the world do not add up to knowledge, which is reason and intuition applied to facts.

And even in the search for facts, the writer is surrounded, as never before, by propaganda.

It astonishes me to remember that in my youth there was no such thing as a press agent attached to any branch of government service. I believe this institution arose under the administration of Woodrow Wilson in the First World War. Today there is not a branch of government, including the military, nor the smallest agency, that does not have its public relations counselor.

I confess that I do not know how this could be avoided, or how, indeed, those of us who are trying to cover wide fields could do so without the press attaché. A federal government which absorbs nearly a fourth of the total national income has become too intricate to cover without aid. But the immense amounts of information that pile up every day on my desk from

official and non-official agencies, from foreign governments and governments-in-exile, from public organizations and causes, pro-this and anti-that, require a great acceleration of the judicious qualities of one's mind.

A third difficulty is, of course, censorship. Never, in modern history, have such huge areas of the earth been blotted out for the journalist. Although the Soviet Union has always been a tough nut to crack, even there, until the end of the first four years of Stalin's rule, a journalist could travel in most areas, had access to much unprejudiced information, and the worst that could happen to him would be to be expelled. Today a Western journalist can only with the greatest difficulties move outside Moscow, and he is in perpetual danger of being arrested as a spy. This holds for all the Communist states. Their interpretation of espionage, furthermore, covers practically everything normally within the reporter's legitimate domain—everything, in fact, which the government does not desire to have known, while the reporter himself cannot know in advance what those desires are. He is further impeded by the fact that he prejudices the safety of every person with whom he establishes contacts.

Other factors that make today's journalism extremely difficult are certain dispositions of the public. One, perhaps the worst, is the disposition to believe that there is no such thing as an honest search for truth or an interpretation moti-

vated by objectivity. It is a serious comment on the present state of our civilization to observe how many people believe that private interest motivates every written word. If one falls afoul of any of the numerous contemporary idols of the market place, one invariably receives a flock of letters sneering: "Of course we know you have to write that way for your bosses. That's how you earn money."

Another disposition to be remarked is the extraordinary intolerance of organized groups, among them many who are noisiest in their advocacy of free speech, of anyone who challenges, in even the mildest way, some of their tenets or propaganda.

Finally, the concept of the rigid party line is by no means confined to the Communists. There is a liberal line and a reactionary line.

Now, the writer whose search is for truth, guided by reason, cannot fit into such categories. His attempt is always to judge an issue on its intrinsic merits. On one issue he may take the liberal view; on another the conservative. But let him do so and a claque arises to denounce him as a wobbler or a renegade.

In my lifetime the regimentation of the mind has proceeded to lengths I would have thought impossible even twenty years ago. Philosophically speaking, this can be attributed, I suppose, to the passing of the *unorganized* man. But the unorganized man (or woman) is the only one who is free to think and write independently on *all*

issues. He is the only writer who can, if convinced, stand firmly on his own feet in a minority of *one*. But there are fewer and fewer of him, as our press becomes more and more servile from organized pressures upon it. The result is increasing cautiousness among writers. This generation has not produced an iconoclast like Henry Mencken, who spent his life taking well-aimed shots at most of the popular idols, myths, and superstitions of his times with salutary joltings of the mind out of the comfortable ruts of conformity. For when Henry Mencken was at the top of his career, the American people still cherished and chuckled over the *excentric*. Today the wolves would be after him, pronto.

But the political commentator has also problems connected with the art of writing. The form he chooses is the essay—and incidentally, the newspaper editorial page is the only medium available in America to the writer of short essays—dissertations on a single theme or element of a theme. Such commentators on the news as Mr. Lippmann and myself often use a news item as a mere peg on which to hang a dissertation on a fundamental subject—or one we believe to be so.

The essayist, if he is worthy to be called a *writer*, i.e., a *man or woman of letters*, is concerned with the art of verbal expression. And on this subject I would like to make a few observations.

Obviously, in a literate society, everyone can read and write. But

that does not make everyone a writer—or even a reader! Neither is the valid test of whether a person is or is not a writer to be found in his professional status. Many of the finest writers have never earned their living by writing. . . .

It is obvious that the professional status of a writer or artist of any kind is no measure of his value. Actually, many persons in this age of the pulp magazine, the penny press, the gossip column, radio, television, and the motion picture earn very good livings by writing. Yet they cannot be called in any meaningful sense *writers*. Walter Winchell and Louella Parsons write. But no one could properly call them "authors." Mickey Spillane, judged by sales—they run upward of forty millions—is a more successful writer than any Nobel Prize winner.

And in this peculiar age all statesmen "write." That is to say, their published "works" are found in libraries. But—apart from Winston Churchill—who the authors really are nobody knows. For another curious twentieth century phenomenon is the "ghost" writer. . . .

If writing is not a "profession" but an art divorced from livelihood, and if it can take on such diverse forms as the essay, drama, poem, novel, short story, what is it—essentially?

All writing—that deserves the name—is the expression of truth through the symbol of the word. The *greatest* writing is that which

expresses the most universal and durable truth. Universality and duration are promoted, not only by insight into truth, but by the freshness and precision of the symbol employed—namely, the *word*.

Let me illustrate. Several hundred years before Christ, a number of Greek philosophers enunciated their visions of truth about ethics, aesthetics, social systems, politics, and human relations in lectures delivered to informal groups of students. What we know of the thought of these men comes down to us, therefore, in translations of students' notes. Yet, we must assume that these thoughts were more or less faithfully transcribed because the language which has come down is of the extraordinary lucidity, precision, simplicity, and beauty which always mark the works of great minds and of those who guard and protect the symbol of the word. If you will take from the library a copy of Aristotle's *Politics*, you will be amazed at the *contemporary character* of the *writing*, even in an English translation. This is obviously because more than two thousand years ago these men were able to choose precisely the right *words* to express an *exact* thought. The word and the thought were one, and have continued to be.

And this might direct our minds to the somewhat mysterious opening of the Epistle of St. John: "In the beginning was the *word* and the word was with *God*, and the word was *God*." If the creative powers in the universe are *thought* and

truth and the word is their medium, then when thought and word are *one* the word takes on some substance of *God*.

And surely this oneness of thought and word is a reason why works survive. Without thought of sufficient keenness and truth to inspire other minds works would not survive. But the thought also must be clothed in durable words.

It is over 300 years since William Shakespeare wrote. Yet his works are fresh today, and Sir Laurence Olivier and others have demonstrated that some of the greatest of them can be transmitted to not at all "literary" people by means of the motion picture.

Again, one reason, I think, is that, despite some archaicisms, Shakespeare's *words* remain unspoiled. They still, that is to say, retain their *original* meaning and power. They have not become discolored, or diminished, as it were, of their *gold* content. And so we must ask ourselves, how in writings shall we distinguish between dross and gold?

I would say—and some of you may contradict me; I am not certain that I am wholly right—that those words longest retain their vitality which are monosyllabic, and have the most direct roots in the origins of national speech. Shakespeare, at least, employed far more Anglo Saxon words than words of imported derivation. And his use of monosyllabic words is notable. To take examples at random—from the soliloquy of Hamlet, for instance:

*To be or not to be, that is the question
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to
suffer*

*The slings and arrows of outrageous
fortune,*

*Or to take arms against a sea of troubles
And by opposing end them.*

There, out of 39 words, 29 are monosyllabic. Or—to go on—

For in that sleep of death

What dreams may come

*When we have shuffled off that mortal
coil*

Must give us pause.

There, out of 22 words, 20 are monosyllabic. And 99% of them are Anglo Saxon.

Language that retains freshness and glow is simple, not flowery. And the great words are nouns—words which symbolize things, or the substance of things—and verbs, which are symbols of action.

For the adjective weakens the noun by qualifying it, as the adverb weakens the verb by qualifying it. If the noun or verb are *exact*, they need no qualification.

"Take him for all in all, he was a *man*" (as Hamlet said of his father) would not be improved by saying "He was a *strong* man, or a *brave* man, or a *virile* man, or a *gentle* man, or even (as a really bad writer might say) a *manly* man." All the attributes of manliness are in the one word *man*. Standing by itself it embraces all manly attributes—strength, courage, virility, protectiveness. And a good writer would also not weaken an adjective by the wrong noun. He would not say, for instance, "Clarence was a weak *man*." He would say, "Clarence was a weakling." For "man"

and "weak" convey contrary associations.

Adjectives are usually regarded as essential to description. But, if you will bear with me in one more illustration, from the greatest master of our language, I will quote you a description of winter:

When icicles hang by the wall

And Dick, the shepherd, blows his nail,

And Tom bears logs into the hall

And milk comes frozen hom in pail.

When all aloud the wind doth blow

And coughing drowns the parson's saw,

And birds sit brooding in the snow

And Marian's nose is red and raw.

When days be dark and nights be foul,

Then nightly cries and staring owl,

To woo, to whit, to woo.

Notice the extraordinary paucity of adjectives. Icicles hang, Dick blows his fingers, Tom carries logs, milk is frozen, the wind blows—all aloud—there is an adjective—and Marian's nose is *red* and *raw*. Six adjectives—that's all. The parson is uttering a saw—that is to say he is boring. And he splutters his boring words with coughs—a winter disease.

I say this because the world in which we live is given over to the greatest assault upon and degradation of the word, of any age I can recall. Pick up any newspaper, or read almost any speech—for instance, most of those delivered in the United Nations—I'm not even mentioning the McCarthys—and ask yourself what, exactly, do these words *mean*? What does "enforcing peace" mean? It means war. The idea behind "enforcing peace" is that sufficient force on the side of nations pledged to non-aggres-

sion would deter aggressors. But where, my friends, are the non-aggressors? Where are the definitions of "aggression"? Significantly enough, the United Nations has never made a definition of it.

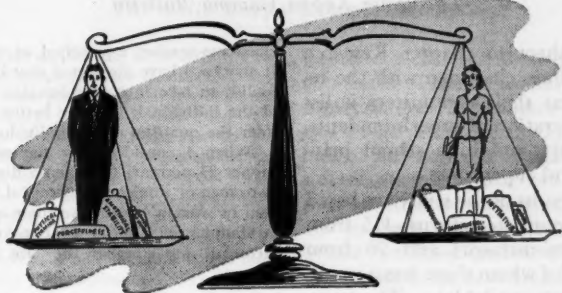
Modern advertising has done much to undermine language. We read that this or that product is "better," "milder," "more nourishing." No one tells us better, milder or more nourishing than *what*. This is the nadir of language. Professional language has introduced a lot of gobbledegook. Social workers and those who write about social problems employ words which, explored, become almost meaningless. Take the word "underprivileged." Once we spoke of *poor* children—a word that conveys meaning. But what on earth does "underprivileged" mean? There are people who, whether by their own superior gifts or by inherited good fortune, have *privileges*—the latter inherited, the former earned. But the idea of privilege, as something *not* earned, is abhorrent. So just how much of this abhorrent thing should be spread around among everybody? If privilege is earned, it cannot be distributed, and if it is not earned, it should be removed.

We have so many professional jargons that language recalls the

Tower of Babel. There is a scientific language which, insofar as it employs verbal symbols instead of numbers, *could* express itself in dictionary words. But scientists invent a language of their own, largely composed of the misuse or coupling of existent verbal symbols, to make understanding inaccessible to the rest of us.

I realize that I have taken much time to speak about words, but the matter pertains to all writing, of any kind. Words are not the only symbols through which men communicate with each other. They are the most universal and all embracing of symbols. The mathematician communicates truth with numbers. Yet words can give me, who am no mathematician, the substance of the thought of Einstein, while no mathematical symbols can give anyone the substance of the thought of Jesus Christ. Painting can convey intense experience, but only three dimensionally. Music can evoke the most lofty—or the lowest—emotions, but it cannot convey thought, except as it conveys to a musician the technical grandeur of the achievement. Of all the symbols by which thought and truth are conveyed, the *word* remains the most universal medium. And the protection of the purity of the medium must be the greatest object of devotion for the writer.





SUCCESSFUL MEN AND WOMEN TEACHERS ARE COMPARED

ELLEN FROGNER

DO MEN and women administrators think that successful men teachers are more dependable, more thorough, or more resourceful than successful women teachers? More accurate in making reports? More interested in community activities?

In Minnesota, the Welfare and Research Committees recently completed a study of a number of such questions.¹ We first grouped char-

¹The following committee chairmen were coordinators and leaders: Merle Bryant (Kappa, Research), Sister M. Digna (Beta, Research), Ellen Frogner (Tau State, Research), Luella Hanning (Kappa and Tau State, Welfare), Marion Smith (Beta, Welfare). All of the Welfare and Research committees in the Tau State chapters participated.

acteristics of successful teachers under three main headings: Personal and Professional Characteristics (27 items), Guidance of Learning (10 items), and Classroom Management (7 items). On each item, we asked men and women administrators to make the following appraisals:

*Successful men teachers stronger
than successful women teachers*
*Successful women teachers stronger
than successful men teachers*
No difference
Uncertain

The word *successful* was to be interpreted as the upper 25 percent of the teachers with whom the administrator had worked.

We sent 330 copies of this ap-

praisal sheet to chapter Research and Welfare chairmen with the request that their committees enlist the cooperation of superintendents, elementary and high school principals, and supervisors.

The results of the study are based on 185 complete returns—115 from men administrators and 70 from women (of whom there was a smaller number available). The communities represented range from small and rural to metropolitan, but we did not really attach significance to this, since each appraisal was to be made on the basis of total administrative experience.

The results? While they are not definitive, we think that they reveal attitudes within each group of administrators and some comparisons between them. The findings that we consider the most important are summarized here.

1. Both men and women administrators frequently indicated *no difference* between successful teachers of each sex. There was more agreement about this than disagreement.

We were interested in seeing the same point of view expressed in many of the comments volunteered by the administrators. The three quotations that follow are typical of other statements, but not of all:

"In general, I would say that superior teachers, both men and women, are more alike than different in these various aspects."

"I have found, from my own experience, that there is no discernible difference between the sexes. When it becomes a question of selecting a person for a position of leadership, whether it is that of a

classroom teacher, a principal, or whatever it may be, I have discovered that it is very foolish to take into consideration the sex of the individual; it is far better to consider the qualities of the individual."

"When I consider only the successful (upper 25 percent) there is no distinction as to men or women. A successful teacher, man or woman, must have these qualities in abundance. That is what makes them successful—not whether they are men or women."

2. We were happy to find that both the men and women administrators indicated *integrity* as the characteristic in which there is the least difference between successful teachers of each sex. We would hate to see it otherwise.

3. The characteristic which we called *general housekeeping* is at the opposite extreme. In other words, it was here that the administrators most frequently indicated a difference between successful men and women teachers.

4. When differences were specified by the administrators, which preferences appeared most frequently? We selected the five characteristics at the top in each of the comparative appraisals and found this situation:

When the 115 men administrators favored successful teachers of their own sex, it was most frequently in emotional stability (69 percent), physical stamina (52 percent), interest in community activities (52 percent), sense of humor (49 percent), and forcefulness (48 percent).

When the men administrators favored successful women teachers, it was most frequently in general housekeeping (68 percent), neatness (44 percent), accuracy and neatness of reports (43 percent), thoroughness (42 percent), and participation in professional organizations (39 percent).

When the 70 women administrators favored successful teachers of their own sex, it was most frequently in thoroughness (70 percent), general housekeeping (69 percent), stimulating atmosphere in the classroom (59 percent), organization (59 percent), and willingness to assume extra-curricular duties without remuneration (54 percent).

When the women administrators favored successful men teachers, it was most frequently in emotional stability (36 percent), physical stamina (30 percent), interest in community activities (21 percent), objectivity (19 percent), and voice quality (19 percent).

5. There was a tendency for the administrators to prefer their own sex if they indicated a difference. In the results as a whole, the men administrators seemed to think more highly of successful women teachers than the women administrators thought of men. This was especially true of points under classroom management and somewhat less true of guidance of learning and personal characteristics. It may be important to consider here that 64 percent of the women administrators were elementary school principals, whose experience with men teachers would quite likely not be as extensive as with women. The positions held by the men administrators were more varied.

6. It is also important to note that some very significant items appear under the heading of personal characteristics. The appraisals on two of these—sense of humor and emotional stability—have interested us especially. Turning to the first, we find that half of the 115 men administrators indicated *no difference* between successful men and

women teachers, and so also did two-thirds of the 70 women administrators. But here comes the special point of interest. The other half of the men administrators considered successful teachers of their own sex superior to successful women teachers in sense of humor! While we have smiled a little at these results, we have also wondered whether or not they might suggest something of a problem in understanding and appreciation.

We have been more truly concerned about the judgments made of emotional stability. The entire group of 185 administrators ranked this characteristic next to general housekeeping as the one in which a difference exists between successful men and women teachers, but the differences do not run in the same direction. The successful women teachers are favored in general housekeeping and not in emotional stability. (The figures appear under Number 4.)

Are there clues elsewhere in the results that suggest how the administrators reasoned here? Included in the appraisal sheet were 20 characteristics that would seem to be a part of emotional stability or a reflection of it—objectivity, thoroughness, organization, dependability, and others. We compared the results for each of these with the percentages on emotional stability but did not find an answer to our question; that is, the responses on allied qualities were not sufficiently parallel with those on emotional stability to lead to a conclusion concerning the reasoning of the admin-

istrators. The one exception might be in the appraisals of physical stamina. Here 52 percent of the men administrators and 30 percent of the women favored successful men teachers, compared with 69 percent and 36 percent, respectively, in the judgments of emotional stability.²

What should we conclude? Several questions have been raised as we have discussed the results in this part of the study. Do judgments of emotional stability reflect judgments of physical stamina? Perhaps so. The results suggest this, although the evidence is not conclusive. To what extent do the appraisals of emotional stability rep-

resent traditional thinking? To what extent were the appraisals definitely made in relation to successful women teachers? Also, if there are such attitudes, how can they be improved?

In general, the results of the study increase awareness of attitudes that evidently exist in individual situations. Here there may be reason for concern. At the same time, the results are reassuring, especially in the strong agreement of the administrators that there is no basic difference between the characteristics of successful men and women teachers as groups, implying a belief that judgments should be made according to individual merit.

We ventured to explore the more intangible but highly significant in the teaching experience. Is this kind of exploration important in considering the problem of keeping good teachers in the profession and encouraging capable young people to enter?

² The other results for these two characteristics should be stated also. In the appraisal of physical stamina, 9% of the men and 20% of the women administrators favored the women, compared with 3% and 6% in the results for emotional stability. Also, 36% of the men and 44% of the women indicated that there was no difference between the groups in physical stamina. The results here for emotional stability were 25% and 50%, respectively.

Across The Editor's Desk



IN THE science of dynamics there is a formula which represents the often-enormous difference between the amount of energy expended in a structural effort and the potentials of that energy if placed in inter-action with some other elements. It is called conveniently *Kinetic Potential*. The exact scientist would inevitably reject so loose an interpretation, but for our purposes it is as clear an analogy as we need. Its antonyms are inertia, apathy, disinterest. It suggests eloquently the infinite possibilities of moving energy when properly harnessed and directed.

Our organization has expended and is expending unbelievable

amounts of energy, but too often we are directing it to the perfection of inconsequentials. Too often we are most deeply concerned with its use in the preparation of colorful booklets for this or that occasion, with exquisite table decorations for some function, with the assembly of scrapbooks, with the rehearsal of past achievements—all worthy activities in themselves but in no sense adequate substitutes for the action-packed program to which we have committed ourselves.

The Do-It-Yourself epidemic which has permeated so many avenues of American life during recent months is an interesting and

perhaps significant sociological phenomenon. It is not new, however. It represents merely the rediscovery of latent abilities which an electrically dominated age had allowed us to forget. It repeats, in wonder at our own capabilities, the fact that our grandparents knew so well without being told, because stern necessity dictated it to them. They were aware that if you needed a table around which the family could gather for its meals you made it yourself from the wood of the tree you yourself had cut down from your own woods. If you wanted your family to be well fed, there was continuing need for you to plan for the gathering of fruits and vegetables and to devise means by which portions of your harvesting could be kept for use during the rigorous days of winter. If you wanted your family to have meat, you fattened your cattle and slaughtered them and cured the meat against the day of demand. If your family was to be warm in its beds, you women of the family sewed and quilted with infinite pains the coverings that protected them. If there were family remedies for various ills that had withstood the tests of time, you gathered with infinite care the ingredients from woods and fields, dried them, and combined them with other things to make the potent cure-alls. If your husband or your children needed new clothes, you carded the wool, spun the thread, and wove the cloth yourself. If a new baby were due in the neighborhood, you did not wait help-

lessly for the doctor to arrive, but you acted as mid-wife without quibbling. In other words, for all sorts of occasions and in kinds of ways you *did it yourself*. We have re-discovered some of those forgotten physical and satisfying abilities. Would that we might find as well the ways to a recognition of some of our forgotten and infinite possibilities of mind and will and directed energies!

Voluntary organizations such as ours *have* a place and a function in the society of which we are a part, but not an indispensable one! Unless we fulfill the conditions of the contract with society to which we committed ourselves when we avowed our purposes, we have not justified our existence. Every living organism, if it follows a normal pattern of growth, reaches a plateau from which it may survey its accomplishments, re-appraise its potentialities, and deploy its forces into new and hitherto unexplored ways. If it fails to do this, it may easily go down speedily into oblivion, disintegration, and decay. As an organization we have had a distinguished and spectacular history, but we cannot stand on the plateau we have reached without planning for dynamic action in the days ahead.

We are pledged, whether we know it or not, to grandeur of planning. It is all there in the declaration of our purposes. Can you think of any nobler avowal of aims than to develop a genuine spiritual fellowship among women educators; to honor women who

have given distinguished service to education; to protect the professional interests of women and end discriminations; to sponsor and support desirable educational legislation; to endow scholarships to aid outstanding women teachers; to initiate and develop a continuous program of teacher welfare; to inform the members of current social, political, economic and educational issues to the end that they may become intelligent, functioning members of a world society. How magnificent are those words! How unlimited in their implications! How they stretch the vision and lure the imagination into the years ahead!

These would be presumptuous commitments, indeed, were we not sure that we have on our rolls the greatest assembly of women educators ever brought together under one banner. What a galaxy of pioneer thinkers! What a vast range of interests they represent! What depths of experience they have plumbed! What richness of travel and beauty has been theirs! Surely so unique an assembly of women should be able to give dignity and meaning to our shared aspirations. We have kinetic-potentials unlimited in the grandeur of our purposes and the unique and impressive quality of our membership. Are we sensing them?

On so many of the problems that need solution we have heard repeatedly the question, "Why doesn't somebody do something about these things?" Our reply is,

"There are no better candidates than *yourselves*."

What are *you* doing to transmute the organization into one where spiritual fellowship is transplanted into the environment where *you* live? What concrete means have *you* used to reflect that fellowship of the spirit in your relations to your fellow teachers, your students, your friends?

What are *you* doing to make sure that friendship or expediency does not dictate the choice of members in your chapter? Are *you* insisting that the criteria of notable service to women or to education shall be observed?

What are *you* doing to help to spark a carefully considered, thoughtful plan of action to end discrimination against professional women? Or do you resort to heated denunciations, verbal recriminations?

What are *you* doing toward the passage of desirable legislation in your community, your state? Have *you* helped to spark and initiate any legislation in the interests of women?

Have *you* concerned yourself at all with some of the mundane aspects of teacher welfare and consequent morale? Have *you* done anything about a program in this area for your chapter, your state? Have *you* been interested enough in this phase of our long-time commitments to think about the morale of the teachers in your community—whether it is good or poor—and whether there are any provisions for the welfare of teach-

ers which our organization could change or improve? Because—make no mistake—on their welfare depends their morale.

Are you doing anything to make real our seventh purpose—to inform our members of the great social, economic, and political issues of the day to the end that they may become richer human beings, and able to make a real contribution to the society of which they are a part?

Every one of these broad academic questions can be broken down into specifics—all perplexing, all as yet unanswered. Who must find the answers? Who must develop a strong, synchronized, farsighted, statesmanlike program of action for the years ahead? You, yourselves!

I would have every Executive Board, chapter, state and national, engage in a searching appraisal of all that its unit is doing to deter-

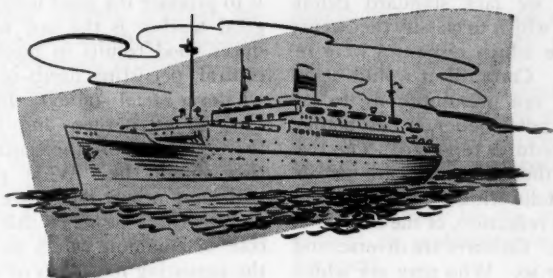
mine which phases of our program need to be strengthened, which projects can be safely eliminated, which committees are not needed, if any. In short, I would plead for a re-evaluation of all that we do in the radiance of the clear, white light of our purposes. They furnish an infallible guide; they have not changed through the years; they are as rich in meaning as ever they were. Who is to furnish the spark? You, yourselves!

I covet for this organization an immortal place in the history of women and of education in this country. I long for the day when we can point with satisfaction to the accomplishment of some of the pledges we have taken, but about which we have done little or nothing. If we are to realize our unlimited potentials, we must lay hold on some of these verities and *do-it-ourselves!*

M. M. S.

Education for Teaching*

WAURINE WALKER



ONE of the basic purposes of the World Confederation of Organizations of the Teaching Profession is stated as follows: To improve teaching methods, educational organization and the academic and professional training of teachers so as to equip them better to serve the interests of youth.

Pursuant to this purpose, WCOTF, at its meeting in Oxford in August 1953, decided to devote the 1954 meeting to consideration of "Education for Teaching." A survey of the requirements and facilities for the education of teachers among the

constituent nations was authorized. Dr. Jha of the All-India Federation of Educational Associations was invited to conduct this study and to present this report. A questionnaire was prepared by Dr. Jha and circulated by the Secretary General. Reports have been received from organizations representing the teachers of twenty-eight nations. These survey reports have been reproduced and are available for your study. No delegate here, I feel sure,

* The opening address at the WCOTF meeting in Oslo, Norway. Reproduced by special permission of the Secretary General.

regrets more than I do that Dr. Jha is unable to present and to interpret the results of his study. However, I do feel honored that this emergency task has been assigned to our delegation from the National Education Association.

It is not my purpose here to attempt a summarization or evaluation of these reports. Indeed, even to tabulate the data submitted would be an extremely difficult task because we lack standard definitions by which to classify the twenty items for which responses were requested. Certainly it would be an error, if not presumptuous, to say which is good, better, or best among the procedures reported. The reasons for these difficulties are not obscure. Education is a product, as well as a reflection, of the culture of a people. Cultures are diverse, and desirably so. Who may say which is *the* culture or *the best* culture? In my country we have a saying, a saying we believe to have great validity, that our strength as a people lies not so much in our likenesses as it does in our differences. Those differences we cherish and respect and nurture. We do this because we are thus enabled to preserve and to draw strength from the traditions of many races, creeds, and social ideals. Thus we are enabled to avoid the sterility of conformity and the debility of orthodoxy.

These reports from national organizations on the education of teachers inevitably reflect a rich and complex diversity. This is neither strange nor disadvantageous. Good schools and good teachers in one

culture might be poor ones in another culture. But there is, in each society, a central core of values to which all people (or nearly all) subscribe, and without which organized society itself could not survive. That is true in your nations; it is true in mine. One great function of the teacher and of education is to transmit an intelligent loyalty to this central core of values. The function of teacher education is to produce the good teacher. The good teacher is the one who produces good results in meeting the central, persisting needs of life, in whatever social context. In our efforts to strengthen and improve teacher education, the central question should be, "What processes will most nearly guarantee competent teachers to serve this central core of common values as well as the persisting life needs of the people?"

Thus, I shall attempt here only to state what appears to me, after examination of these reports, to be areas or trends where fairly general agreement is indicated. I shall state these apparent trends toward general agreement and then raise a few typical questions about each trend.

Area 1

The education of teachers is a responsibility of the government, although it may be performed in a variety of ways and in a variety of institutions.

What are the dangers in governmental control and direction of teacher education?

What defenses can be erected

against these dangers?

What is the proper rôle of the teaching profession in the determination of programs for the preparation of its members?

Area 2

The education of elementary and secondary teachers is, almost everywhere, a function of separate institutions. In general, elementary school teachers are educated in state established and supported normal or training schools, whereas secondary school teachers are educated in the universities, private colleges, or special technical schools.

Would it be desirable for both elementary and secondary school teachers to be prepared in the same institutions?

Should state schools have a monopoly on the education of teachers for any level of teaching?

Area 3

In general, the requirements for admission to preparation for elementary teaching are lower than those for secondary school teachers. Furthermore, the period of preparation is shorter for elementary teachers than for secondary.

Are there valid reasons for these differentiations?

Is it desirable that the quantitative requirements should be the same for both elementary and secondary teachers?

Area 4

The education of teachers, as is true of the other major professions, embraces three broad components: general education, professional edu-

cation, and specialized education.

What proportion of the total teacher education curriculum should be allotted to each area?

At what point in the preparation program should courses in professional education be begun?

Area 5

In general, there is agreement that professional preparation (as contrasted with preparation exclusively of a general, or liberal arts education, nature) is more essential for the elementary teacher than for the secondary teacher.

Is thorough professional education, properly integrated with general and specialized education, desirable for both elementary and secondary teachers?

What should be the minimum content of professional education for each?

What common elements in professional and general education are desirable for elementary and secondary teachers?

Area 6

Clinical and laboratory experiences with children, including student or practice teaching or supervised internship, are essential in the preparation of teachers.

Are the present provisions in this area adequate?

What are practical ways of providing such experiences?

Should such experiences be provided during the formal period of preparation or should they be provided on the job in a supervised internship period?

Area 7

Legal licensing or certification of teachers for public schools is necessary to protect the public welfare.

Who should issue such licenses to teach?

To what extent should professional organizations of teachers participate in the formulation and enforcement of requirements for teachers' certificates?

Area 8

Instruction about teachers' professional organizations in programs of teacher education is inadequate.

How can such instruction be most effectively made a part of the preparation of teachers?

Should actual participation in the work of professional organizations be a part of pre-service preparation?

Area 9

There is need for better exchange of materials among teacher education institutions in various countries.

What are the desirable channels for such exchange?

Should these channels include professional organizations, government agencies, or a central exchange agency of the institutions for teacher education?

Our organization is called the World Confederation of Organizations of the Teaching Profession. Why do we say "teaching profession"? Why not just "teachers"? Do we not include the extra word, "profession," to emphasize that our occupation has certain special characteristics?

In American English, and in English English too, I think the word "profession" has a rather special meaning. We use the word to describe those occupations which have certain characteristics. Among these hallmarks of a profession, none is of greater importance than the fact that a profession requires extensive and special preparation. We shall be fully entitled to use the word in proportion as we teachers ourselves define the standards and quality and content of this preparation.

Teacher preparation, however, includes much more than knowledge. A teacher must, of course, know that which he is to impart to others. But, in addition to knowing what he teaches, he must also know how to teach it. There are good and effective ways to teach and there are poor and ineffective ways. The teacher who has a professional education knows the difference. He knows how the learning process takes place, what obstacles it may encounter, and how these difficulties may be overcome or reduced to a minimum.

To knowing, and to know-how, we must add a third dimension—know-why. A person who knows a great deal may be a scholar, a sage, a savant. He is not necessarily a teacher. A person who *knows* and *knows how* is a craftsman. But only a person who *knows* and *knows how* and *knows why* is fully entitled to claim the status of a profession. Teaching as a profession is more than an application of knowledge and of routine skills. Human growth and learning are complex

and variable. The learning and the teaching that are involved in apparently commonplace activities like reading and writing are, in fact, marvels and wonders. The processes of learning occur in different ways with different individuals and under varying circumstances. Behind these variations, awaiting our discovery, are the basic laws and principles of learning. A true profession will seek patiently and persistently to find and to understand these principles. Preparation for such a profession should lay the foundation for a deep and lifelong interest in these matters.

The old saying that "teachers are born and not made" is a dangerous half-truth. It is about as true as it would be to say physicians or engineers are born and not made. It may be true, indeed it often is true, that teachers are born and not *paid*. But that is another subject.

When we confer here at Oslo about the education of teachers we are dealing with one of the truly basic problems and needs of our profession. It is not a side issue; it is the heart of the matter. In this modern world neither free speech,

nor a free press, nor popular government, nor universal education can long endure without a well-educated and constantly renewed supply of professional teachers. For if the character and quality of teachers be neglected, free speech will become ignorant talk, and a free press will become merely another means of propaganda, and popular government will become shoddy government, and universal education will become sterile and perfunctory.

In the preface to a recent UNESCO report on teacher education, there is a statement which, I think, may well summarize and conclude this discussion:

"In the great democracies of the West, in the nations that have embraced communism, and in those countries and territories that have newly achieved independence or stand upon its brink—everywhere the quantity and quality of schooling are matters of lively concern. Belief in the power of education was never stronger; demands for its extension and improvement were never greater. And everywhere one result is to focus attention upon the teachers, for these constitute the most vital factor in any educational system. Upon their number, their devotion, and their quality, the effectiveness of all educational arrangements must chiefly depend."



CONVERSATION

NARRATORS: Student
Teacher
Layman

PLACE: The United States

TIME: The 20th century

STUDENT: May I introduce myself? I am a twentieth century student, male or female. My sex matters little in today's world, except in specific areas where men prevail without question, and women assume a minor role.

TEACHER: I am the teacher; I, too, am male or female. My task is to help the student across the bridge of life from infancy to adulthood. I do not replace the parent, though I may be a parent. I am not the law. I do not represent the church, as such. I have been called counselor, guide, tutor, leader. I am all of

these, yet I am an individual, a person, with definite abilities, endowments, likes and dislikes, aptitudes, and areas of knowledge; by training I am limited in my field of instruction, depending on these characteristics. I am a teacher by choice, not by decree.

LAYMAN: I am a layman, male or female. I am a citizen. Perhaps a parent, preferably so as concerns the educational processes. I am a business person, a laborer, whose interests lie chiefly outside the school, yet by necessity include the school, for I cannot succeed in my chosen field unless an educated citizenry composes my world. I cannot thrive in ignorance, or lassitude, or apathy or diffidence. I cannot live in this world alone. Education in all its as-

pects is vitally important to me personally, and to my life's endeavor if I am to succeed.

STUDENT: I have a question for each of you. Teacher, why have you selected instructional work for your livelihood as against business, and why have you, Layman, done just the opposite?

TEACHER: I love knowledge. The thrill of computation, research, the gathering of facts, and the use of words intrigue me. These things stimulate my mind; there is a vital urge within me to pursue a subject further and further, from question or problem, to solution or conclusion. There is a need within my being to know, not to assume, or pretend, or suspect, but to KNOW. The FACT, the TRUTH, the UNDISPUTED ANSWER is a challenge to me. The area of legend, lore, fiction, and fantasy surrounds these truths and stimulates me to create within my own abilities. Why teach, you ask? Because the giving of knowledge to the yet unlearned, to explore in the realm of the unknown in a world as changing as ours, is the most exciting work I can do.

LAYMAN: I challenge that, my friend. I do not disagree. Please do not misunderstand me. But to me the work-a-day world where one *uses* this knowledge, where one sees the facts and truths in action, where one's dreams today may be tomorrow's technological miracle, is the most exciting. I envy you your specific knowledge, but is not my field a wider one: Cannot I labor in broader areas than you, both with people and with material things?

TEACHER: Perhaps. There is value in what you describe, but is not the

human element submerged by the material? Can I produce material witchery without the basic fundamentals? Must I not pursue the know-how before I manipulate the machine?

LAYMAN: That is taken for granted, is it not? The basic fundamentals, as you call them, are the foundation of life; you must have the tools of learning that the school can give you best, and you must, from the very first day of school, pursue avidly the knowledge that planned curricula provide for you. Not for you is a moment of lethargy, or passiveness. You must soak up, as a sponge soaks up moisture, the facts and figures, letters, words and phrases, scientific data, and problems. To the limit of your ability you must absorb these things in the years of youth.

STUDENT: Now it seems to me that you have assumed the role of teacher. To labor in your world I must be the scholar, not a lump of clay occupying a seat in a classroom for a class hour. I grant you that. But I see you in another role, my friend.

TEACHER: Let me interrupt. I, too, believe the layman has become the teacher; and he cannot avoid the role even though he is not of the profession. But he assumes immediately that the school must provide the basic know-how. His role, however, is larger than he mentions.

STUDENT: I believe that, too. It is the layman who must provide me with the very building to which I must go. It is he who makes possible the learning process. While he is not instructing directly, it is he who determines actually how, where, and how adequately I may be trained to enter his world.

LAYMAN: True, true. That is a larger

role, as you describe it, than my own work-a-day world. You make me more important than I planned to be. You assume that I have duties to you, a student, and to you, a teacher, that my particular line of work may not necessarily include. How would you then have me proceed?

TEACHER: Your obligations as a layman are as fundamental, as basic, as A B C. Your forefathers saw the need of established schools and planned training for the youth of young, unsettled America. Long years ago the insight of pioneers trekking from east to west included the need and the right for their children to be better equipped for the future than they had been. Your obligations and duties, yes, your privilege, to the youth of America are old, but ever new, once narrow, but ever expanding, once simple, but now increasingly diverse and complicated. This particular century has seen more technological growth than any other, and the end is not yet. Coexistence in a period of cold war demands a new kind of training; if we can atomize for peace rather than for war, the horizon is less defined, but increasingly important.

STUDENT: Now you're talking my world. That's what I want to know. How can I prepare for the last of the twentieth century? The wheel has come and perhaps reached the zenith of its power; the steam engine has given way to the diesel; the plow has been replaced by mechanized tools. The land frontiers have been conquered. But what of the sky, the sea, the land under the sea, the power of chemistry, biology, and physics?

TEACHER: That's what I mean exactly.

Before you reach that final decision for your life work, I, and others like me, must get across to you large experiences in communication, language, history, science, the arts and the humanities. My task is to let you sample, briefly perhaps, but as deeply as possible, many areas of learning. I must help you to learn to read the words of knowledge, to understand the theories of learning, to express for yourself the facts, thoughts, and questions that enter your mind. A delightful, but almost a frightening task, for the responsibility to you as an individual and to the community as a citizen is great and indefinable. I may toss my pebble into the pool of learning, but how wide the circles of movement may be I have no way of knowing. In a way, then, my work is forever incomplete. I rarely see the finished product, but I dare not be discouraged, nor must I cease trying, for life itself depends on education, of which I am only a part, but a vital part.

LAYMAN: I see you now, Teacher, in a different setting. Actually you are a bigger person than I held a teacher to be. You are limited to a degree: the subject matter you teach, but your relationship to all other subject matter is more important than I realized. You teach a subject by assignment in your department or grade, but you teach life and living by being what you are as a person, by using everything in your experience as a tool or device to put your subject across. I revere your stature more than I did, for you are like that proverbial pebble. The expanse of your influence is unknown, and not the same for each and every student.

TEACHER: Ah, yes. Could you but

know the fears that a teacher may possess. How far does his influence go? What impressions will he leave with students? What errors and sins may he commit, unwittingly, in a lifetime of teaching?

STUDENT: But the responsibility is not yours alone. I, too, have a place in that picture. Suppose I am a lackadaisical student in your class. You may suffer, true, but I am the loser if you instruct well and competently. I have three well-defined obligations as a student. I must work to capacity for my own sake, I must do my best for you, so that your sincere efforts are not wasted efforts, and I owe my best to the layman who provides the best schooling possible for my community. If I am a seeker of truth, a storehouse of knowledge, and a person with human interests, I must not fail. I must succeed at every level of my education.

LAYMAN: You almost frighten me. You as a student feel these obligations so deeply, then my responsibilities as a layman increase accordingly. I must provide you with adequate and modern materials with which to work. I must seek and find the best instructors to teach you in all fields. I must see that the school is well managed. The funds for these things I, and others like me, must provide. Not for just this year, but for the years and generations to come. The weight of these obligations lies heavy, but I am not alone to carry the burden. I must go into the highways and byways and convince my fellowmen that the time has come for us to put our shoulders to the educational wheel. It is later than we think.

STUDENT: There is a frightening aspect in the years ahead that is like a giant hurdle on the road of learn-

ing. As science advances and we become more and more mechanized am I to become less and less a human being? Will I become a robot in a cycle of movement? What of the peoples in backward nations—Africa, Asia? What of the iron curtain and the bamboo curtain? Am I to ignore their needs and desires and pursue my own way of life?

TEACHER: Ah, no. You will never become the robot. Indeed your responsibilities as a human being become more important than before. The shrinking world demands that you know more about the peoples all over the globe, the lands they live in, the history and cultures of the people, and the ability to communicate with these far-away human beings becomes a primary need. There are many ways to become informed, some active, some passive, but ignorance of them can no longer be an excuse for a do-nothing program.

LAYMAN: I, too, come within that sphere. Trade and commerce, need for food, tools, medicine, schools in these far-away places is my problem too. Each and every one of us must make a serious and realistic effort to promote advance. For profit materially? Yes, but because we are all children of our Creator too. My duty as a layman cannot be overlooked.

TEACHER: This is another reason why my work is never done. I hold degrees, yes, and study beyond the degree itself, but there is far more to it than that. I must continually read, travel, see, and listen, be objective in my criticism, and keep up with a world that is dizzy in its speed.

STUDENT: This brings me to conclusion. Simple, perhaps, but primary. If we are to survive in this atomic

age, we three must work together toward a common good, the betterment of man through education.

LAYMAN: I agree. None of us can go it alone nor accomplish any worthwhile objective without the help and cooperation and understanding of the other.

TEACHER: It sounds so simple, does it not? Yet isn't it true that the simplest tasks are often the most difficult to accomplish? But the thought comes to me that in order to succeed in this goal of living together in harmony and for the advancement of all mankind, rather than the destruction of mankind, we must cease our tearing apart the foundations through jealous or ignorant criticism. We must stop calling each other names; we must end the foolish strife one against the other. Honest, studied criticism has value, but it must be objective, fair, and positive in nature.

LAYMAN: How right you are. Criticism for its own sake is vicious. Healthy criticism has value, but the negative approach to what exists, unless it is founded on proven fact, not fiction, is a dangerous weapon that eats, erodes, and undermines. We, as laymen, must judge the schools and their work honestly, factually, and positively. The schools should do the same with us. We as laymen must constantly be kept informed of the needs of the schools. We cannot do the job that must be done if we are ignorant, biased, or prejudiced.

STUDENT: Aren't we, then, saying that to make our world a better place to live and work in we must act as adults rather than pampered, sullen or diffident children?

TEACHER: Exactly. And as a teacher part of my task is to help the child mature, physically, mentally, spiritually, and emotionally. Adult children are a detriment to society, but mature adults can face the problems of the world and strive to solve them in an intelligent way.

STUDENT: I think I can see my role now. The canvas as we have painted it in our conversation is large and massive. Sometimes I wonder if I can see it all at one time. I think not. So I must return many times and study minute sections well; until I do that I cannot comprehend it in its entirety. But for now I see my way. I must always strive to do my best in anything I attempt. I must recognize my abilities, face up to my faults and shortcomings, be honest with myself. If I can then reach adulthood with a sound education, good physical health, a recognition of moral and spiritual values, I can outline a philosophy of life that will help me to succeed humanely in a material world.

LAYMAN: You make me feel inadequate. But doesn't youth always do that to my generation? Nevertheless I must continue my education in many ways. I must re-value myself, and set my goals in light of the age ahead.

TEACHER: So it is. We each become the other in spite of everything. Each of us at times becomes the student; each of us is the layman, assisting the next generation as well as our own; and each of us becomes the teacher. The road ahead is devious, but if each will help the other we cannot, indeed, we must not fail; but together we shall and will succeed.

Ways of Pleasantness

FAY MOORMAN



If

YOU never went to a one-room school with my mother as teacher you have missed a lot of the "ways of pleasantness and paths of peace" that are possible in the process of getting educated.

Going to school to Mother was like belonging to the Queen's Court. She bundled us up and took the whole brood with her. Times were hard with so many children

and a couple of grandmas and two maiden aunts in the family, so Mother taught for several years to help Pa with his heavy load. Parents and children alike loved Mother, and much of their affection ran over and spilled on us, like the "dew that runneth down Aaron's beard."

No matter how crowded we were in the old rickety jersey behind

the old gray mare, it seemed that there was always room for one more child straggling, cold and afoot, along the road to school. The back seat of the vehicle was removable and sometimes, as we pushed and scrambled to get comfortable, the seat and its occupants would turn a somersault and we would be dumped in the middle of the road. Mother would stop the horse and, amid laughter, tears, shoving, and complaining about "who left the seat unfastened *this time*," we would climb in again and drive on.

Big Gray would have to stand in the cold shed all day, and one afternoon, restless and rebellious at the noisy load, she reared on her hind legs and fell over backwards. She immediately stood up without any help from us and faced the dashboard and the dumbfounded crowd in the jersey. We and the horse stared at each other until we could get our breath and then we laughed so hard it was a long time before we could get the harness off, turn Gray around, and hitch her up again. The harness was so tangled that we had to cut some of the straps so Gray could get up, and not even nails, hairpins and Mother's garters could mend the breaks sufficiently to hold the harness. So we had to leave the buggy and walk the lady home! We swore we could see a satisfied gleam in her eye as we took turns leading her by the bridle rein. When we met Pa coming to see what had happened, we were so late, he took the bridle and Gray had the grace to hang her head in shame.

Mother made it a practice to visit each family in the school as well as others in the community even though there were no children. Of course we would go with her and sometimes we would spend the night, but many of the families did not have room for us so we would make a call, or perhaps spend the evening, and Pa would come over on horseback and accompany us home after supper. Evenings in the homes were like gay parties. If there was an organ, Mother would play and all of us would sing songs. Mother always sang a lovely rich alto and some of the big boys had fine voices, and often they would play string instruments. The grown-ups would talk and we children would listen at the tales they would tell—folk tales that entranced us. Mother always had a good story to tell, and she could hold any audience with her dramatic way of telling.

The highlight of the session would be the night we spent in Mrs. Phillips' home. On one such occasion Mother packed our night clothes in a little satchel, and then when the satchel would hold no more she realized that she had left out her own nightgown. She folded the gown, hung it over a string, tied the string around her waist under her skirts, and left her bustle at home. We thought this was a stroke of genius, but were horrified when the string broke as Mother was walking up and down the aisle at school that day helping the pupils with their arithmetic examples. After a stunned silence,

laughter broke also and as Mother picked up the gown and put it in the desk she laughed as much as we did. We were soon over our embarrassment and our fun, and things went on as usual.

It seemed that was a day of calamities. At supper that evening Mrs. Phillips caught her sleeve on the teapot and turned it over in Mother's lap. Mrs. Phillips was dismayed, but Mother said, "This reminds me of the Boston Tea Party with so much good tea going to waste!" This set everyone to laughing again, and the two gracious ladies added another bond to their deep and abiding friendship.

Our lunch the next day was something to make your mouth water! It was a delight to linger in the memory, and today I think of that lunch as the most delicious and appetizing food I ever saw, smelled, or tasted. The lunch was packed in a big basket that would hold water, so closely woven it was, of broomstraw, and a tight-fitting lid that held the heat and the steam and the fragrance. There were thick slices of homemade bread made into sandwiches with huge slices of roast beef. There were hard-boiled eggs and cucumber pickles. Best of all there were fried pies, crab-lanterns we called them, with the juicy, spicy dried apples oozing a little from between the crimped edges of the flaky crust, the steam still rising as we opened the basket, just as it had done when the pies were taken from the stove.

Sometimes at school Mother would send the little folks outside

in the sunshine, on the sheltered side of the building, and one of the big girls would "hear the lessons" while Mother taught the others. She gave special instruction to those who wanted to go to New London Academy or to college, and she taught arithmetic to two big farm boys who could not stay at school all day. She taught Latin and algebra to two girls who were eventually to become teachers.

On occasions like these, James, our little bit of a brother who was not really old enough to be enrolled, would choose to stay inside and listen to the lessons the big children had. He like to hear the Latin words and to look at the curious combination of letters and numbers that they called "Algebra" and that filled a whole blackboard sometimes. He learned poetry and science and history and geography. One day Mother was teaching a lesson on frogs. James picked up a book which he held before his face and tiptoed to Mother's desk. He pulled her face down to his and whispered in a tone that was heard all over the room, "Mother, was I ever a tadpole, and when did I lose my tail?"

The children adored James, and his interruptions, his outspoken and queer interpretations, and his comical or profound questions made welcome breaks in the monotony of the school day.

School regulations demanded that we have an hour for recess in the middle of the day regardless of how late it made us in getting

home. This was playtime and never seemed too long. We played "Ant'ny Over," "Prisoner's Base," "Fox and the Wunnert," and best of all on rainy or very cold days, "Stealing Partners." This was played in the narrow hall, but it always seemed like a ballroom to me. The only music we had was our own singing. We would clap our hands and pat our feet, and "The Old Gray Horse Come a-Hoppin' Out the Wilderness" was magic music and the rhythm of it put our hearts in tune with the universe.

One day the big boys decided to build a house in the woods. We little girls stopped our jackracks and went along to watch. Robert Phillips was the boss. He made the gang cut down saplings and make a pen that looked like a palace to me till someone asked Robert what he intended to do with the house when it was finished. To my utter astonishment and embarrassment he looked at me and grinned and said, "I am making it for Fay and me to live in when we get married."

Amid the delighted laughter of the other children I turned and rushed to the schoolroom and grabbed a book, but I could not see a word in it, I was so confused. That night at supper Mother told Pa about this bit of romance, but this was too much for me and I rushed from the table crying aloud, and could not eat my supper. The subject was never mentioned again until I was old enough to have deep appreciation of a boy's planning my future home!

And then one day in spring real romance brushed us with a delicate but thrilling touch. Jerry and his sisters and brothers did not come to school that day. Their big sister, "Sissie," was getting married. The bride and groom were to pass the schoolhouse after the wedding, on their way to the groom's home. The day was perfect, full of the fragrance of newly plowed ground, of budding lilacs, and of the golden beauty of jonquils.

During recess Mother had us freshen up, and she filled our hands with jonquils that we had taken to school that morning and kept fresh in buckets of water. We lined up along the road, and after waiting an interminable time the bride and groom drove past and we tossed the blossoms in the bride's lap, on her hat and shoulders, and in the foot of the buggy. They smiled at us but uttered not a word, too shy and embarrassed to reply to the good wishes we called to them. The bride ducked her head, but we could see her dimples and lovely, rosy cheeks. The groom got red in the face and he tried to make the horse go faster, but his face was wreathed in smiles, though his long, drooping moustache gave him a somewhat sad expression.

We were too much excited to do much studying that afternoon, so Mother let us spend the time in singing and telling stories. Our hearts were much too gay for spelling, arithmetic, and such dull stuff.

On Friday afternoon we would have a special program, a spelling match, a new game, or perhaps

songs and recitations. At the closing of the school session we had an entertainment to which all the folks in the community came. Sometimes we would have a box party, sometimes a program of music, dramatics, pantomimes, plays, poems, and orations. The children would dress up in their best clothes and it would be a great day.

On one such day the little girls gathered around Mother to bid her goodbye after the visitors had gone and we were getting ready to close the school for the summer. They were sweet-smelling and pretty, in their new dresses and aprons, for all who could afford it had something new for the last day of school. There was one girl who had nothing new. She was poor and untidy, with stringy hair and a shiny face—not from cleanliness. She was just about as ugly as a girl can be. She was near-sighted and wore glasses with thick lenses. On her face were many warts. She came from a home that was not really a home, but a shelter. She was the largest girl in class and was

unable to play with the other children, for she was lame and walked with an ungainly limp.

When the girls were crowding around Mother, one dainty little miss stepped up and, putting her arms around Mother's neck, kissed her. Then came a regular rush from the other little gigglers, as they tried to get their share of the hugs and kisses. I looked around to see what Addie was doing and saw her standing at the edge of the crowd. Then she turned and limped away behind the schoolhouse. I felt relieved, for I thought, "Now Mother will not have to kiss Addie goodbye."

But after Mother had said goodbye to all the others I saw her follow Addie around behind the building where she stood all alone.

On the way home that evening I said, "Mother, did you kiss Addie goodbye today?"

"Yes," she said.

"But she ran away," I answered. "So you did not have to kiss her."

"Because she ran away I had to kiss her," Mother said.

Aleen Hostettler

Professional Growth

**BEING A PRODUCTIVE PERSON
AS AN EXPERIENCED TEACHER**

I AM to examine this matter of professional growth from the viewpoint of a typical member of Delta Kappa Gamma—a teacher, then, who would have completed a minimum of five years of successful teaching—probably more. I should say at the outset that I do not mean to imply that I am a model for such professional growth. Perhaps it's a question of "Do as I say—not do as I do."

With that introduction, then,

there would seem to be at least two facets to the experienced teacher's professional growth. In the first place there are the various avenues by which she can hope to stimulate that development. (And this she will certainly want to do since, in educational circles, it is a truism that to cease to grow is to die.) Many of these avenues of growth are obvious and have been used by the veteran teacher for years. For example, no experienced teacher is

unaware of the desirability of returning to a university campus from time to time for work even after she has met the requirements for her degree or for advancement on the school's salary schedule. I need not elaborate on the value of the new ideas and new contacts such a program provides. Nor will the mature teacher fail to recognize the need for renewing at regular intervals the point of view of the pupil in the teacher-pupil relationship.

A second valuable means to professional growth certainly would be the use of professional magazines and books. Here, though, even the experienced teacher—or, perhaps, I should say especially the experienced teacher—is prone to dismiss her *N. E. A. Journal* as no bargain at five dollars a year rather than to look upon it as a valuable guide to the technique for correlation of American history and American literature (*N. E. A. Journal*, October, 1954) or a reappraisal of the proper role of athletics in the school program (*N. E. A. Journal*, October, 1953). And how many of us have read with an eye to our professional growth *Illinois Education's* November presentation of the legislative program needed for schools in our own state during the next two years?

Yet a third way to professional growth—and one whose value is frequently overlooked—is that of the teacher's membership and active participation in organizations that represent a cross section of the

community's citizens. An all too often justified criticism of the profession is that its members make little or no effort to know the problems and satisfactions of other fields of work and to participate in social groups whose membership includes those other than teachers—that, in short, too many of us teach arithmetic or geography or Latin and that too few of us teach boys and girls who are going to be grocers and housewives, stenographers and lawyers, Rotarians and Home Bureau members. Believe it or not, there is needed professional growth in arriving at an understanding of the confusion, risk, and tension attendant on the Christmas promotion in the local department store, and what better learning situation for that concept could there be than a conversation with the store's proprietor over the chicken pie at the local Business and Professional Women's Meeting? Furthermore, I suspect that the conference between Bill's mother and his English teacher, held while the two are arranging favors on patients' trays for the community hospital, will be more fruitful than the limp handshake of the two at an open house during National Education Week.

There are certainly other avenues to professional growth open to the teacher of several years' experience. Who can doubt that the geography class will have a better understanding of the importance of water in our southwest when the teacher can describe to its members her visit to the awesome Hoover Dam?

And often a previously unattainable rapport between Sally, whose main interest is the high school band, and her geometry teacher can be attained when the conference opens with each of the principals commenting on last night's community concert. Again no veteran teacher worthy of the name will overlook the value of such informal in-service training as that of borrowing from the teacher across the hall a new device for teaching fractions.

So much, then, for the possible avenues to professional growth. Now what about the other phase of the subject? Specifically, how can I, as a teacher of several years' experience, give better service to my local school system, my community, and my profession? Time, of course, will not permit a comprehensive answer to that question, but a few examples may suffice to point the direction for an answer. So far as the school system of which we are a part is concerned, most of us will agree that we, as experienced teachers, should spend more time in planning how we might tactfully explain to the beginning teacher that many discipline problems disappear when the teacher has carefully arranged exactly what she is going to do on Wednesday morning from 11:10-11:40. Furthermore, I am certain we will admit that it is not always the administration that is to blame when beginning teachers are burdened with an impossible daily load or assigned to the least desirable room in the

building. In short, it is surely agreed that the desirable *esprit de corps* among teachers in the same system can be helped when the mature teacher shares willingly and without condescension her experience, her training, and her time.

In regard to the responsibility which the professionally minded teacher owes to her community, who is better equipped than the fifth or sixth grade teacher to serve on the local library board and to use her training in the wise selection of books for children's reading? How many of us are likely to deprecate our experience and training when the local Kiwanis Club asks one of us to serve as discussion leader for a program on the issues at stake in the November election! It isn't necessary to belabor the point that almost every organization in the community has need of the training, judgment, and experience of the mature teacher.

Finally, what measure of service does the mature teacher owe to her profession if she is to be considered a productive person? Certainly she owes loyalty to its program and leadership and gratitude for its accomplishments. But she owes, too, a willingness to put her experience to work in that program and leadership—whether this means serving on a local association committee to develop a more satisfactory report to parents or whether it implies membership on the state committee to draft a legislative program. Probably too many of us are prone to criticize the failure to use

women in places of leadership in the profession but to plead lack of time or ability when we are asked to serve in those same capacities.

Before any conclusions are drawn, it needs to be recognized that such a concept of professional growth must take into consideration such facts as these: the admission that some administrators, teachers, and communities are likely to abuse rather than to utilize the services of their experienced teachers; the fact that few mature teachers do not have some family responsibilities that are a drain on their time and energies; and the acknowledgment that the extra ten years of experience takes its toll in health. (It isn't entirely due to the fact that I eat more than I did ten years ago that it takes 15 to 20 minutes more for me to dress and have breakfast than it did then.)

Recognizing these factors in any consideration of the mature teacher's continued professional growth, could we evaluate our own progress by scoring ourselves on this check list?

1. Have I, in the past two years, tried out in my teaching a few devices or approaches that were new to me?

2. Have I in the past five years registered for any university work that was not essential for maintaining my position in the system or advancing on its salary scale?

3. Do I read my *N. E. A. Journal*, *Illinois Education* and *Delta Kappa Gamma Bulletin*?

4. Have I, in the past five years, made a conscious effort to join and work with a new organization whose membership includes some who are not teachers?

5. Have I in the past six years attended any professional meeting not absolutely required by my position in the system in which I am teaching?

6. Have I ever written a letter to a member of the legislature urging him to support an item of legislation or thanking him for his past support.

7. Do I ever consider vacation travel from the standpoint of whether it might enrich my teaching of geography, history, science, or English?

8. Do I paint china, play a mean game of bridge, or enjoy an occasional symphony—recognizing that it is difficult to help make well-rounded boys and girls when we ourselves have let our interests become narrow?

In short, do I, as a mature teacher, rate an A or an F in this business of continued professional growth?

Erratum

In the article written by the National President in the Spring number of the *Bulletin* there was an obvious typographical error which we should like to correct. Line 8, second column, page 52 should read "on which a roll call vote is *not* taken." Inadvertently the word "not" was omitted by the printer.



Alabama

Miss Annie C. Merts, Kappa Chapter, on February 13, 1955, in Huntsville.

Arizona

Miss Gladys Neil, Beta Chapter, on February 4, 1955, in Phoenix.

Arkansas

Mrs. J. E. Little, in Conway, on March 24, 1955, member of Theta Chapter.

Mrs. Fanny Richards, charter member of Mu Chapter, on December 12, 1954, in Little Rock.

California

Miss Virginia Ashby, member of Zeta Chapter, in Redlands, on June 27, 1954.

Miss Emma Hawkins, in Napa, on March 24, 1955, member of Tau Chapter.

Miss Helen Elizabeth Hartley, in January, 1955, in Venice, member of Omega Chapter.

Miss Anna C. Conlon, Alpha Theta Chapter, on January 10, 1955, in San Francisco.

Colorado

Mrs. Mabel S. Randall, Alpha Chapter, on January 24, 1955, in Denver.

Georgia

Mrs. Guy H. Wells, honorary member of Beta Chapter, in Marietta, on August 28, 1954.

Miss Kathleen Singleton Mitchell, honorary member of Zeta Chapter, in Atlanta, on January 30, 1955.

Miss Caroline Editha Miller, in Savannah, on November 10, 1954, member of Nu Chapter.

Illinois

Miss Sarah Clickener, on December 3, 1954, in Morrisonville, honorary member of Gamma Chapter.

Dr. Mildred Ruth Whiting, Gamma Chapter, on December 21, 1955, in Lincoln, Nebraska.

Mrs. Loveto Hogan Kimball, in Lockport, on January 17, 1955, member of Rho Chapter.

Miss Elizabeth Reed Sparks, on December 24, 1954, in Quincy, member of Sigma Chapter.

Miss Emily Turner, honorary member of Sigma Chapter, on February 26, 1955, in Quincy.

Miss Catherine McGough, charter member of Tau Chapter, on February 2, 1955, in Lincoln.

Miss Margaret Blanche Wiggins, Alpha Beta Chapter, in El Paso, on March 8, 1955.

Miss Gertrude Hunsaker, in Danville, on March 2, 1955, member of Alpha Iota Chapter.

Indiana

Mrs. Helen Kuhn Monarch, in Vincennes, on March 4, 1955, member of Zeta Chapter.

Miss Rosa M. Burmaster, Eta Chapter, in Muncie, on July 5, 1954.

Miss Carrie A. Snively, Phi Chapter, in Fort Wayne, on June 6, 1954.

Iowa

Miss Elizabeth Lamar, charter member of Mu Chapter, on February 13, 1955, in Harlan.

Kansas

Mrs. Bertha Taylor, Eta Chapter, in January, 1955, in Susanville, California.

Louisiana

Mrs. Ethelene Lebo Glover, in Monroe, on March 8, 1955, member of Omega Chapter.

Mrs. Leona White Vicknair, Alpha Delta Chapter, on December 13, 1954, in New Orleans.

Maine

Mrs. Ada Moan Higgins, in Bangor, on February 19, 1955, member of Lambda Chapter.

Maryland

Miss Jessie Coope, Alpha Chapter, on November 28, 1954, in Silver Spring.

Massachusetts

Miss Dorothea Clark, honorary member of Alpha Chapter, on February 6, 1955, in Springfield.

Michigan

Mrs. Alice Keegstra Rens, in Grand Rapids, on March 11, 1955, member of Eta Chapter.

Minnesota

Miss Esther Newell, Alpha Chapter, on February 4, 1955, in Minneapolis.

Nevada

Mrs. Elzina Bellander, Beta Chapter, on July 24, 1954, in Salt Lake City, Utah.

New Jersey

Miss Hazel Idenia Terhune, in Fairlawn, on March 10, 1955, member of Alpha Chapter.

North Carolina

Mrs. Cerena Polk Yelton, Beta Chapter, on February 14, 1955, in Raleigh.

Mrs. Mamie Lossen McFarland, in Leeland, on January 31, 1955, member of Theta Chapter.

Ohio

Miss Mary Alice Wrigley, Alpha Zeta Chapter honorary member, on March 15, 1955, in Fremont.

Miss Freda Wood, charter member of Beta Alpha Chapter, in Gallipolis, on March 27, 1955.

Oklahoma

Mrs. Ethel Orvis, Delta Chapter, on December 15, 1954, in Levelland, Texas.

Ontario, Canada

Mrs. Edith Jessie Wallace, Alpha Chapter, a Founder of Beta Province, on February 14, 1955, in Windsor.

Texas

Miss Johnnie Dolan, charter member of Beta Chapter, on June 15, 1954, in San Antonio.

Mrs. Mabel Preston, in San Antonio, on June 4, 1954, member of Beta Chapter.

Mrs. Annie Adams Reynaud, on November 30, 1954, in El Paso, member of Kappa Chapter.

Mrs. Mary Norwood, Mu Chapter, on December 5, 1954, in Abilene.

Mrs. Lucille Eastham, Psi Chapter, in Denison, on February 3, 1955.

Mrs. Willia Getzendaner Skinner, on June 12, 1954, in Waxahachie, member of Alpha Alpha Chapter.

Mrs. S. H. Watson, Alpha Alpha Chapter, on March 8, 1955, in Waxahachie.

Miss Gillie Patterson, in Tyler, on December 29, 1954, honorary member of Alpha Eta Chapter.

Mrs. Catherine Applewhite, Alpha Nu Chapter, in February, 1955, in Hamilton.

Miss Annie Dearing, charter member of Alpha Xi Chapter, in Bryan, on September 30, 1954.

Mrs. Ewell Thompson, on March 12, 1955, in Colorado City, honorary member of Beta Epsilon Chapter.

Mrs. Sara Agnes Sellers, Delta Epsilon Chapter, in Houston, on February 6, 1955.

Utah

Dr. Maud May Babcock, state member of Utah and national honorary member, on December 31, 1954, in Holladay.

Miss Lucilla M. Gallyer, Alpha Chapter, in Salt Lake City, on November 23, 1954.

Virginia

Miss Dorothy Fuller, in Elle Garden, on May 1, 1954, member of Xi Chapter.

Washington

Miss Margaret J. Thomas, charter member of Beta Chapter, on March 27, 1955, in Seattle.

Wisconsin

Miss Helen A. Rhyme, Alpha Chapter, in Portage, in December, 1954.

Miss Helen W. Skemp, on January 18, 1955, in Dubuque, Iowa, charter member of Mu Chapter.

DATES TO REMEMBER

Northwest Regional Meeting—

Gearhart, Oregon

Gearhart Hotel

June 24, 25, 26, 27, 1955

Louise Clement,

Regional Director

Northeast Regional Meeting—

Detroit, Michigan, Hotel Statler,

August 9, 10, 11, 1955

Cecile Coombs,

Regional Director

Southeast Regional Meeting—

Charleston, South Carolina

Hotel Francis Marion

August 4, 5, 6, 1955

J. Elizabeth Jones,

Regional Director

Southwest Regional Meetings—

El Paso, Texas

Hotel Cortez

August 15, 16, 17, 1955

Yvette C. Rosenthal,

Regional Director

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